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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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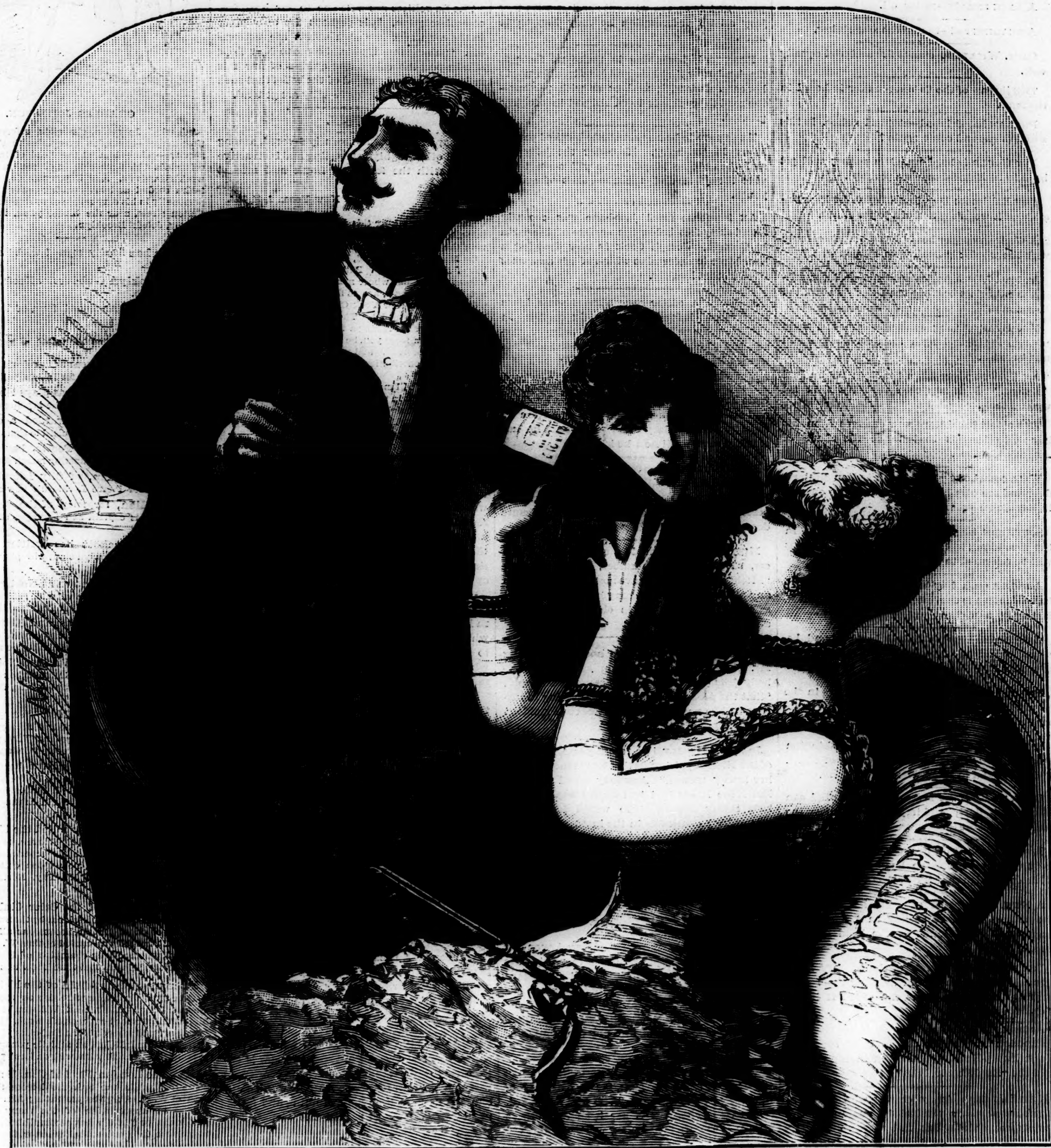
RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

[Three Months, \$1.00.]

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A DASHING DEBUTANTE.

THE ECCENTRIC AND AUDACIOUS PERFORMANCE, AT A PRIVATE BALL ON FIFTH AVENUE, OF A SENSATIONAL MURRAY HILL BELLE.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, March 7, 1885.

**18
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Franklin Square, New York.

SULLIVAN—and Ryan, eh?

A RINK remedy—castor oil.

A LEADING roll—that of the star-rinker.

CAPT. WILLIAMS stands fire and trial equally well.

THE jig-saw of the Cabinet-maker is heard in the land.

PHILAN has skipped—at Short notice. Is this a case of cut and come again?

JAY GOULD is hard up. His money will get back to its rightful owners, perhaps.

THE Baltimore Day lost \$300,000 for its owners, and it wasn't much of a paper either.

A WESTERN paper heads its real-estate column with the words: "Dealing in Frozen Dirt."

At least 7,000 American newspapers have published editorials bearing the title: "The Fall of Khartoum."

MR. EVARTS' long sentences are not more notable for their length than for their depth and breadth.

AN Eastern paper has a heading: "John Bull Aroused." It is supposed that Mr. Bull sat upon a tack.

THE oldest inhabitant now emerges from his lair with legends that make the shade of Ananias shudder.

WILL somebody please break in Ben Butler's door and see why he is so quiet? Like enough he has blown out the gas.

SOUTHERN hog and hominy will now be in the ascendant, while Eastern pork and beans will be relegated to oblivion.

A FIGHT on a hay-barge by the light of one battle-lantern is the latest luxury in pugilism. Evidently a naval engagement.

A CHICAGO woman licked her husband because he had had trouble with his tailor. She gave him fits—if the tailor didn't.

THERE is as much dearth of real news in the dispatches from Egypt as there is in the statements concerning Cleveland's cabinet.

SOMEBODY proposes free baths at Washington during the inauguration. The novelty of a bath would be fatal to some who will be there.

CAPT. "JIM" DALY is a pretty substantial son of the "ould dart," and if you don't believe the assertion look at the picture we publish of him.

SINCE Joseph Cook has resumed his Monday lectures, the air of Boston has become so thick with knowledge that it can be cut with a knife.

A NEW YORK paper says Trinity church is the richest religious society in America. It ought to be; it stands at the head of Wall street.

THE sensational parsons of the country have struck a fruitful subject in tackling the roller-skating rinks. The rinks can stand it if the parsons will.

AMONG the fashionable waltzes now taught in London are the "Boston Slouch," the "New York Pump-Handle," the "Kensington Crawl" and the "English Straight."

THE Salvation Army cranks who occasionally blow or play a musical instrument on the streets, are quickly run in by the police. The public have a right to demand the breaking up of the more dangerous and offensive socialists, who are inciting riot and murder, and endeavoring to get a foothold in this city.

COL. INGERSOLL announces that he will give orthodoxy a rest. It isn't orthodoxy, however, that needs a rest—it is Ingersoll. Orthodoxy isn't the least bit weary of the tussle.

A MICHIGAN paper begins a laudatory sketch of a prominent citizen as follows: "Archibald Butlers was first spanked as a fat, bouncing baby in Manchester, England."

AN Arkansas town of 250 inhabitants has four churches, each of which will hold 250 people, but the citizens are not happy because there is no roller-skating rink in the town.

AN enthusiastic Western paper claims to have discovered that Mrs. Yasult Dudley is the Star-Eyed Goddess of Reform, and wants her sent to Washington by way of Albany.

A LADY organist of Chicago fell in love with a butcher boy, too well but not wisely, and now the journals of that benighted city are in high glee at having eclipsed the coachman mania.

ROSCOE CONKLING as a boxer is criticised by some of the experts. They say his style is old-fashioned and too stately. Nevertheless, Roscoe has done considerable knocking-out in his time.

SIX women are on the Grand Jury at Whatcom, Idaho. It is believed no witness will be permitted to escape without sharing with that jury all the information he may happen to have.

FRANCE is beginning to make up faces at England, now that England is in trouble up to her ears. It is with nations as with persons—the road to trouble is down hill and thoroughly greased.

THERE are to be no more bell-mouthed pantalons in the navy. Hereafter the jelly tar and the Chinese laundryman will cease to divide the jeers and the snowballs of artless youth.

AN immense fossil jaw-bone was recently found sixty feet below the surface of the earth in Georgia. Joseph Cook is now drawing a lineal tree to determine which of his ancestors lived in that locality.

A GEORGIA editor concentrates some ideas thus: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this State, silver in three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whisky in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

THE career of Edmund Yates serves to illustrate how much a man may achieve by labor and attention to business. From a position as reporter, on a salary of \$5 per week, he has steadily risen until now he is in jail.

SIR CYRUS FIELD gave his brother Dudley a big spread the other day. Whenever one of the Field family has anything to give away he bestows it upon another member of that same deserving limited liability company.

MISS PARLOA has made a collection of pitchers, seventy-five in number, and she says: "Pitchers and teapots have more character than any other dishes." That may be, but we should say there was more life in champagne glasses and more spirit in jugs.

ONEIDA, N. Y., claims the honor of making Mr. Cleveland's inauguration shirt. "Everybody feels proud of the fact," says a local paper, "that the product of one of our thriving industries will be nearest the heart of the President on the approaching event."

JOAQUIN MILLER, in a recent poem, speaking of the Mississippi, boasts that he "leaned against her tawny mouth." Anybody could do that. But if the Mississippi had leaned against Miller's tawny mouth there would have been something remarkable in the incident.

[THE Boston Pilot says that if Gordon "is dead he was not murdered, but killed in a fair fight by the Egyptian patriots whose country they had invaded." It will be news to most people that it is a fair fight to sneak up behind a man and plunge a dagger in his back.

It must have been rather pleasant even for stolid and stoccal Capt. Williams to receive the numberless assurances of good-will and regard which have reached him during his hour of annoyance. But then Capt. Williams is not the fellow to be any more affected by the enthusiasm of his friends than by the malice of his enemies.

"A STRIKING feature of the Exposition," says the New Orleans Picayune, "is the display of fine work by aged women." So we have heard. Almost everybody who has been down there says that the display of "fine work" by the old women who run the 15-cent boarding-houses at \$5 a day is indeed a striking feature. But there is a unanimous disposition to object to being struck so hard.

WHY the deuce can't universal franchise-and-popular-suffrage America run its business and its morals without having a lot of self-appointed "ceasors" bossing the job? If we've got to let every crank who feels like it run our courts and juries, the sooner we have a sheriff's sale of our stock of liberty and freedom of thought the better.

It is said that some Democratic patriots want to engage the Mexican band now at the New Orleans Exposition to furnish the music at the inauguration ball. There is no harm in this, but it will be rather awkward for the band to hear the admirers of "Old Hickory" tell how he whipped their countrymen.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the boss—and make no mistake about it either. Its trade this year, tough as it has been all over the country, has been something phenomenal. It never kills anybody, it always carries its passengers to their destinations, it has the most comfortable cars and the best road-bed in the world—and it hasn't got an advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE either. See what actual merit gets when it attracts our attention!

A PHYSICIAN asserts that roller-skating will produce a race of knocked-kneed men and women, with big ankles and slender calves. Appearances already indicate that he is right.—Lowell Times.

The Lowellites are welcome to our heartfelt commiseration. It is perhaps the only place in the country where such effects are noticeable. "Salamagundi" should come to New York and inspect the calves and ankles of our fair roller-skaters to be cured of the belief that such results as he finds in his locality are general.

TOO THIN.

Richard K. Fox was recently favored, among several other highly-interesting and instructive letters, with the following frank and modest request:

NEW YORK, 2, 14, 1885.

DEAR SIR:

Excuse us for taking this liberty of writing you on this subject, but hoping you will grant us this favor with the greatest of pleasure.

On Monday, March 2nd, 1885, two light-weight pugilists of New York and Philadelphia, who are well known to you, but whose names for the present must not be made known, are to fight with bare fists in a private room in New York City for \$100, a side, and a handsome gold medal. There is \$100, due on the medal, and we are raising a fund to pay for the same. A contribution from you, be it much or little, will be thankfully received, and your name placed on the long list of contributions that we have already received.

Hoping you will make a small contribution to this fund, and mail it in the enclosed envelope as soon as possible, we remain,

Yours Respectfully,

MR. JAMES P.

P.S.—We dare not sign any name to this, on account of the unlawful nature of bare-fist fighting, but money sent us in the enclosed envelope will reach us O. K.

A copy of the same straightforward document was sent to each of the prominent and representative sporting men of New York. It created a very favorable impression—an impression, that is, favorable to the writer's standing as a first-class, but rather short-sighted, confidence operator.

It will be observed, among the other peculiarities of this candid epistle, that it is dated in New York, and the purely mythical event to which it makes reference is premised as about to occur in this city, whereas the envelope which contained it bore a Philadelphia postmark.

If the writer had taken the trouble to think twice before including the POLICE GAZETTE in his list of correspondents he would have realized the fact that no "two light-weight pugilists of New York and Philadelphia well known to" Richard K. Fox would engage in any lawful match without Richard K. Fox's being acquainted with all the facts several days beforehand. Again, if our smart friend had studied the POLICE GAZETTE before playing its proprietor for a "sucker" he would never have attempted to get money from Richard K. Fox for a bare-fist fight in a private room. Richard K. Fox is always anxious to comply with the law, and not even for the pecuniary convenience of an anonymous "striker" would he contribute toward an unlawful "bare-fist fight." Finally, when handsome gold medals are put up as prizes for lawful contests, Richard K. Fox invariably puts them up himself without passing the hat around for "contributions."

Nearly all the sporting men in town have dropped to Mr. James P.'s little game, and his "long list" of subscriptions includes enough Confederate bills, Irish Republican bonds, cancelled beer-keg stamps and spoiled cigar labels to fill "the private room in New York" in which Mr. James P.'s bogus fight won't come off. Let us hope that the swindling and fraudulent James P. will turn his "boodle" to good account.

This article is our "small contribution to the fund," and we hope it will reach the scoundrels who are getting it up O. K., and that it will be thankfully received.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"Charley" Johnston, champion referee, champion time-keeper—champion everything that's manly and sportive—salute him at the head of the column of celebrities which marches in procession through this week's GAZETTE. And if you want to make the salutation cordial and invigorating convey it to Charles personally in his cozy refuge of wariness and thirst on Fulton street, near the bridge plaza, in dear, dull, drowsy, doleful Brooklyn.

Emilie has finally signed with Barnie's Baltimore team.

The Brooklyn Club is after Keefe, of the Metropolitan Club.

The famous Argonaut four, of Toronto, will visit England.

Slosson will positively not play in the New York tournament.

McGuire, of last year's Cleveland and Toledo clubs, has signed to catch for Indianapolis.

Ned Cuthbert, who has played baseball for upward of twenty years, says he is going to retire.

President Soden forwarded a contract to Gunning, which he has promised to sign on receipt.

Fred. Kimball, of Peoria, has challenged Dr. Carver to a pigeon-shooting match for \$1,000 a side.

Gustave Hilman, of City Island, has completed plans for Pierre Lorillard's new steam yacht.

J. J. Cullen, formerly of the Active Club, of Reading, is captain and manager of a Havana, Cuba, club.

Manager Hackett has written to Harry Wright that the Brooklyn clubs will play no League teams in April.

William, better known as Nobby Clark, was recently presented with a valuable gold medal by his many admirers and friends at Taunton, Mass.

Paul Hines, Phil. Baker and Charley Snyder are loath to give up their attempt to catch a ball dropped from the top of the Washington monument.

Alf. Greenfield and William (Nobby) Clark, desire, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return thanks to Pat Trimble and numerous others, for courtesies extended them at Taunton, Mass.

Charles Hubbard, New Jersey's famous hunter, trapper and guide, died at Princeton recently from heavy consumption, aged forty-five years. Hubbard was a favorite with Princeton College students.

The Poillon Brothers have been given an order for a new schooner-yacht, 130 feet long, 25 feet beam and 12 feet deep, for R. T. Bush, who expects to make a cruise around the world in the vessel. Her tonnage will be nearly 400 tons.

Henry Randall, who sailed the 15-ton racing cutter Maggie for George H. Warren, of Boston, last season, has gone to England to superintend the construction of the latter's new 47-ton cutter which is building at the yard of Mr. Fay, Northam, Southampton.

O. Hammond, of the Otter Club, London, has been declared a professional by the Swimming Association of Great Britain, because, as alleged, he, on Oct. 8, 1880, willfully competed against W. Scott, a professional, who had been champion of England many years before, being at that time known as W. Mather.

Roseman, center-field of the Metropolitans, may be seen almost any fine day on the grounds of Queens County Park, East Williamsburgh, getting himself in trim for next season's work. He thinks he has discovered material for a first-class pitcher in the person of Frank Nolan, an athletic young fellow, who is somewhat favorably known as a local pugilist.

Says the London Field of Jan. 10: "It is proposed to signalize the retirement from the running-path of W. G. George by presenting him with a testimonial in appreciation of the many remarkable performances that he has accomplished, and to acknowledge in a substantial manner the services he has rendered to athletics. With these objects in view a most influential committee has been formed, and it is seriously hoped that they will receive the hearty cooperation of all gentlemen interested in English sport."

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Adventurous Career of a Young Comedian Who Fought His Way Across the Continent.

San Francisco, according to an esteemed and usually inaccurate contemporary, is full of unemployed actors and actresses. The streets fairly teem with them, according to our e. and u. l. c. They sit mournfully on door-steps. They peer in, wistfully, through the doors of free-luncheries. They stink in and out of their boarding-houses noisily and with an easily understood indifference to the recognition of their landladies. They study maps of the Union Pacific by hours as a time, and consult their shoe-leather without ceasing.

On Bush street in San Francisco, says our e. and u.



He arrives in San Francisco.

i. e., you can't move without jostling homeless and foodless actors and actresses. Their situation is becoming desperate. Provender they must have—log low down in the scale of nature as he is, even an actor is an animal and must eat occasionally. For obvious reasons, they can't eat each other. It would tax even an actor's stomach to attempt to make a meal of one of his professional brethren.

The situation is growing strained, and the entire population of San Francisco contemplates it with pardonable apprehension. In fact, the newspapers have gone so far as to venture to predict that there will be an unemployed actors' riot, compared with which the outbreaks of Dynamiters and Anarchists will seem trivial. The Chief of Police of San Francisco has been actually warned that some of the most reckless and depraved of these starving members of an unprincipled and unscrupulous profession will get together on Washington square and explode a combined representation of Othello or Macbeth on the law-abiding citizens of the Californian metropolis.

Is it possible to imagine a darker or gloomier outlook?

Let it be said in the favor of the homeless and unied and therefore ferocious Californian actor that he does



He commences his career as a combatant.

make an attempt once in awhile to relieve the Golden Gate of his dangerous presence and transfer his fiendish energies elsewhere.

Take, for example, the strangely-interesting and undeniably authentic case of Mr. Percival Tittiver, the famous light comedian who arrived in Frisco from London via Australia and the Sandwich Islands, in the early part of the month of January.

Mr. Tittiver is one of the most accomplished young actors whom England ever exported to her ancient penal colonies. That is to say, Mr. Tittiver wore a really beautiful mustache, had a dark, melting eye, bore his clothes very easy on him as if he were a tailor's block, and had a rare and happy faculty of "mashing" at least twelve milliners' apprentices at every performance. These valuable gifts of intellect and person—principally person—endured Mr. Tittiver to London managers, and made him, in due time, an object of interest to the managers of Australia.

He was quietly, yet positively, stamped a "big card," a "howling favorite" and "a prime catch." While in the ex-penal colonies Mr. Tittiver learned, by hearsay, that there was a fresh field of human gullibility to be "worked" by ingenious British professors of the alleged art of acting, and that the fresh field called itself and was generally denominated the United States of America.

English actors usually have to go to Australia to

discover this important geographical and financial fact. Alas! When Mr. Tittiver landed with other various representatives of pauper labor on the docks of the Oceanic Steamship Company at South Park, foot of



He works a sleeper.

Brannon street, he was pained to learn that San Francisco was suffering from an elegant sufficiency of dramatic talent. It needed none of him, to be concise.

Four weeks slipped by. They were spent by Mr. Tittiver at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. It is perhaps needless to add that Mr. Tittiver spent nothing more than his time. It is a popularly accepted axiom that time is money. The clerk of the hotel at which the actor resided had, evidently, never heard of the identity of the two. So, in a spirit of rash audacity, he asked Mr. Tittiver for something of a more circulatory character than his mere company. Mr. Tittiver hadn't got it, and the prospect looked dark all round.

Then it suddenly occurred to the eminent dramatic artist that a brother Englishman and an artist equally eminent in quite another direction had accomplished the rather difficult feat of crossing the American Con-



He upper-cuts a cowboy.

tinent without money and without price. This [com-patriot was a pugilistic gentleman of the name of Freyer, who had affably requested the various conductors and brakemen of the Union Pacific Railroad to stand up to him for four rounds, the winner to be passed free over an entire section of the road.

It is, perhaps, needless to state that Mr. Freyer was, in every instance, the winner.

Now, like a good many of the better class of English actors, Mr. Tittiver had developed both his feet and his hands equally. That is to say, he was quite as well able to "put up his dukes" as walk home from a starring excursion.

What easier outlet, then, from his misfortunes than to fight his way transcontinentally to Union square—that Mecca of all theatrical pilgrimages.

It was as quickly executed as conceived, this new strategy of Mr. Tittiver. He began by knocking out



He bounces a brakeman.

the gentlemanly and accomplished hotel clerk in two rounds. The gentlemanly and accomplished hotel clerk, as soon as he had regained his breath, gave him a receipted bill.

Mr. Tittiver's next engagement was on a Pullman palace car. The conductor was a brisk and athletic young man who rather fancied himself the Tourist's

Terror. In three rounds the Tourist's Terror threw up the sponge and passed the British Bouncer as far as Ogden.

There his ballwick ended, and there he had to turn the nimble and versatile comedian over to his own resources. A battle with a genuine cowboy for the use of a horse for the next twenty-five miles was an immediately subsequent affair. It took ten minutes for the victory to be satisfactorily decided.

A fight with a brakeman on the top of a freight-car, a desperate rough-and-tumble with a couple of porters, the cleaning out of a station agent's ticket office, and a fearful, prolonged conflict with the entire force of deck-hands of a North river ferry-boat were only a



On the Rialto at last.

few of the incidents which came between Mr. Tittiver and his arrival on Union square.

And when he did arrive—well, quite a time elapsed even before the Madison Square theatre offered him an engagement.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Julia Brutone is at law with N. C. Goodwin over a breach of contract.

In her new play, Patti-Rosa will fence, box and disport gymnastically.

One of J. M. Hill's attractions will open the Boston theatre next season.

The advance sales for "The Recruiting Officer" at Daly's are very large.

Rachel Booth is in Chicago disengaged. She will return East in a fortnight.

Harrigan & Hart pay \$18,000 for the lease of the Fourteenth Street theatre.

Linda Arons, a vaudeville actress, is lying very ill at her home in the city.

William Welch, of the Fifth Avenue staff, is shortly to wed a Kentucky lady.

Charles Tingay and Gertrude Johnson have left Gillette's "Secretary" Company.

"Apajune" is being dramatized as a farcical comedy by a well-known playwright.

W. C. Cowper has not given up his "Last Hope." He will try again next season.

William Davidge, Jr., and Maggie Harold will star together next season in "Mum."

The salaries of the company of the "Paris Grand Opera" are to be reduced one-half.

Modjeska has secured four weeks at the Fifth Avenue for next season. Alas! and lackaday!

Stoutness, in Salvini's opinion, bars his Hamlet. He will not play it again. Thanks, awfully.

Charles T. Ellis will appear next season in a play by William Carleton. The result may be imagined.

D. E. Bandmann has become one of the best museum cards in the country. He is the stiffest kind of card.

On Feb. 23 Bartley Campbell will permanently withdraw his "Galley Slave." One bright spot in a dark future!

C. A. Watkins will probably have three attractions on the road next season. He will not mistake Ada Grey for one of them.

Willie Carleton, the sweet, too sweet baritone, is a good deal of a failure as a manager. It takes him all his time to make up real pretty.

Margaret Mather's return to New York is heavily boomed. Brother Hill has got all the "Crickets" in town quite regardless of the expense.

Harry Jackson and Florence Noble are on the road with "Queen's Evidence." They are evidence enough that they ought to be otherwise engaged.

Lawrence Barrett announces that he has played *Quixote* over 2,000 times. Mr. Barrett must look at his figures through a magnifying glass brightly.

Sarah Bernhardt now wears a huge patch of black coat plaster directly under the left eye, leading unsophisticated people to think she has been in trouble.

Harry Randall, "the great English comique," is our latest menace. He swears he is coming over in the spring to produce his new hilarious sensation, "The Ghost."

There is a lawyer named Marks in New York who threatens to enjoin John P. Smith or any other man who dares to hold him up to ridicule in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the City of Mexico on Sunday last the police suppressed a drama entitled "The English Debt," which was to have been produced at the principal theatre in that city.

The Lee Avenue Academy of Music, under the management of Brother Berger, keeps humming along foul weather or fair. The receipts have been astonishing lately.

Theatrical business was never at so low an ebb in the interior of Pennsylvania as now. Denman Thompson played before an audience representing \$42, in Lancaster, last week.

Henry Abbey, Mary Anderson's manager, denies positively that his star has any intention of building a new theatre in London. He says there are too many ruined Abbeys in England already.

Max Freeman has got a good deal to say about Sargent, the weak-minded young man who tackled the big job of bossing Steele Mackaye. He ought to speak respectfully of a corpse, Max ought, really.

After the first introduction of "Rich and Poor," Den Thompson determined not to play it longer. If Wayne Ellis, its author, now sues Thompson for unpaid purchase money. Rich actor—poor author.

Knowles & Morris did a tremendous business last week at the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn. This theatre is jumping to the fore like magic. Knowles & "Biff" are a couple of good fellows well placed.

H. J. Loring and Mr. Daboll, members of Salisbury's Troubadours, are writing a comedy for Harry and John Kernell. It will be called "The Two Irish Students." They are the Kernells of several stage chestnuts.

Dan Sully's season, so far, has been the most remarkable on record. In spite of the universal depression of business he is already some \$23,000 ahead. His show is beyond question the funniest and the most artistic on the road.

Miss Patrice Boudcault, Dion's youngest daughter, is shortly to be married to a young gentleman in private life. Miss Patrice has never been on the stage. Her other sister has been on the stage, but neither of them is an actress.

It used to be said of McKee Rankin when he was leading man at the Union Square that he was the only actor on the American stage who could put on a kid glove gracefully. There is a legend that McKee can put on the other gloves equally well.

Sarah Bernhardt performs "Theodora" every night and gives a double performance on Sundays. It is said that she is obliged to remain in bed almost the whole day in order to have strength enough to get through her exhausting role.

A theatrical stage-improvement company has been incorporated in San Francisco, with a capital of \$100,000. The exact object of the company is not stated, but it is to be hoped it will extend to the improvement of actors and authors. They need it badly.

Emma Nevada, discouraging about her dresses to the Jenkins, of the Boston Herald, makes the following barefaced confession of highway robbery: "The first dress I wear in 'Sommambula' is one I took from off the back of a Swiss peasant girl myself. It is very simple—only a plain white bodice and skirt."

An intelligent theatrical newspaper says that "Alfred Cellier has written a new opera which is called the 'Sultan of Mocha.'" The only grounds for this coffee-colored statement are that (1) Alfred Cellier wrote a new opera of that name fifteen years ago, and (2) that it was produced at the Union Square theatre about five years ago.

During a recent spectacular performance in Philadelphia, a young dude who had been admitted behind the scenes for the first time, remarked to the stage manager: "See, that lady has dropped her pocket-handkerchief." "Oh, dear, no," replied that functionary. "That is only one of the ballet dancer's skirts. They sometimes drop off!"

Forepaugh has offered Mrs. Schilling-Huls-kamp and husband \$10,000 to appear in his street procession and impersonate the characters of *Othello* and *Antony*, with the understanding that the Morosini is to also assume the role of the \$10,000 beauty in the allegorical interior parade illustrating *Lalla Rookh's* departure from Delhi.

The fearful voyage of the Alaska has at last been explained. Sydney Rosenfeld was one of her passengers. Luckily they never look nowadays for their Jonahs in the coal-heaving department. So few of his fellow-passengers crossed the forecastle chalk-mark, however, that Sydney's share of the "footings" only amounted to sixpence-halfpenny.

Lately in Cincinnati, according to the *Mercury*, during a performance of "Slebs," a stick of red-hot lime dropped from its holder in the street reflector of a calcium light held by the light man on the fly gallery, and dropped upon the rear of a super kneeling in the tableau, and caused him to hustle around lively. The damage was slight—only the super now eats his meals from the mantelpiece.

Richard B. Cornell, who married May Fielding in Buffalo, N. Y., eight or nine years ago, was found dead in a law office in Rochester, N. Y., on the morning of Feb. 6. He was about thirty-eight years old, and came of an excellent and wealthy family of Buffalo, but had spent a fortune, and of late years had been a journalist. A coroner's jury gave a verdict that death was caused by a "probable overdose" of morphine.

Mr. J. M. Hill has been gradually extending his operations, until now his theatrical interests are greater and more varied in character than those of most managers. In addition to Miss Margaret Mather, he has two theatres on his hands, and next season he will have three. He already controls Haverly's theatre in Chicago, and the Court theatre in Buffalo, and next fall he will undertake the management of the Union Square theatre in New York.

Charles Andrews, manager of the "Michael Strogoff" Company, advertised in Paterson, N. J., lately for fifty young ladies to take part in the production. Fifty answered the call, but when they saw the costumes they were to wear they all backed out except about a dozen. They appeared in tights and all Paterson went out to see them. "Hello, Nell!" "Hey, Jennie!" "Say, Klity, why do you stuff your stocks?" and other such familiar expressions greeted them. They only appeared in one performance.

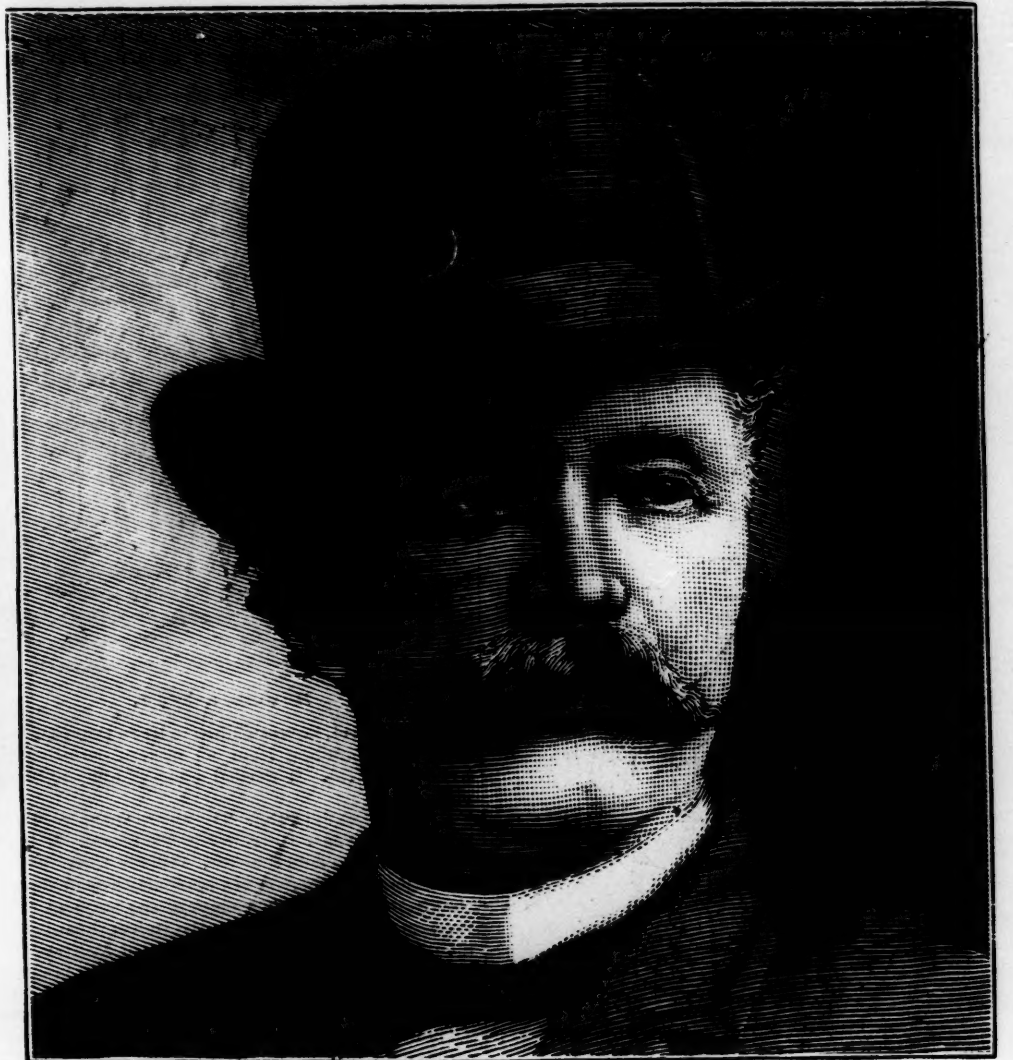
In Des Moines, Iowa, a gentleman by the name of Hildebrand, who has had the advantage of passing eighteen years in prison (for what reason is not stated), has a cheerful entertainment which he calls "Cryptogram of Prison Life." It represents Mr. Hildebrand's own experiences, and consists of some 200 scenes displayed upon 1,000 feet of canvas. The *Des Moines Times* says, sententiously: "It is the greatest moral lesson ever presented to the youth of our city. There are many in Des Moines who should attend and get an inkling of life in the penitentiary, so as to be prepared for an emergency, you know."

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



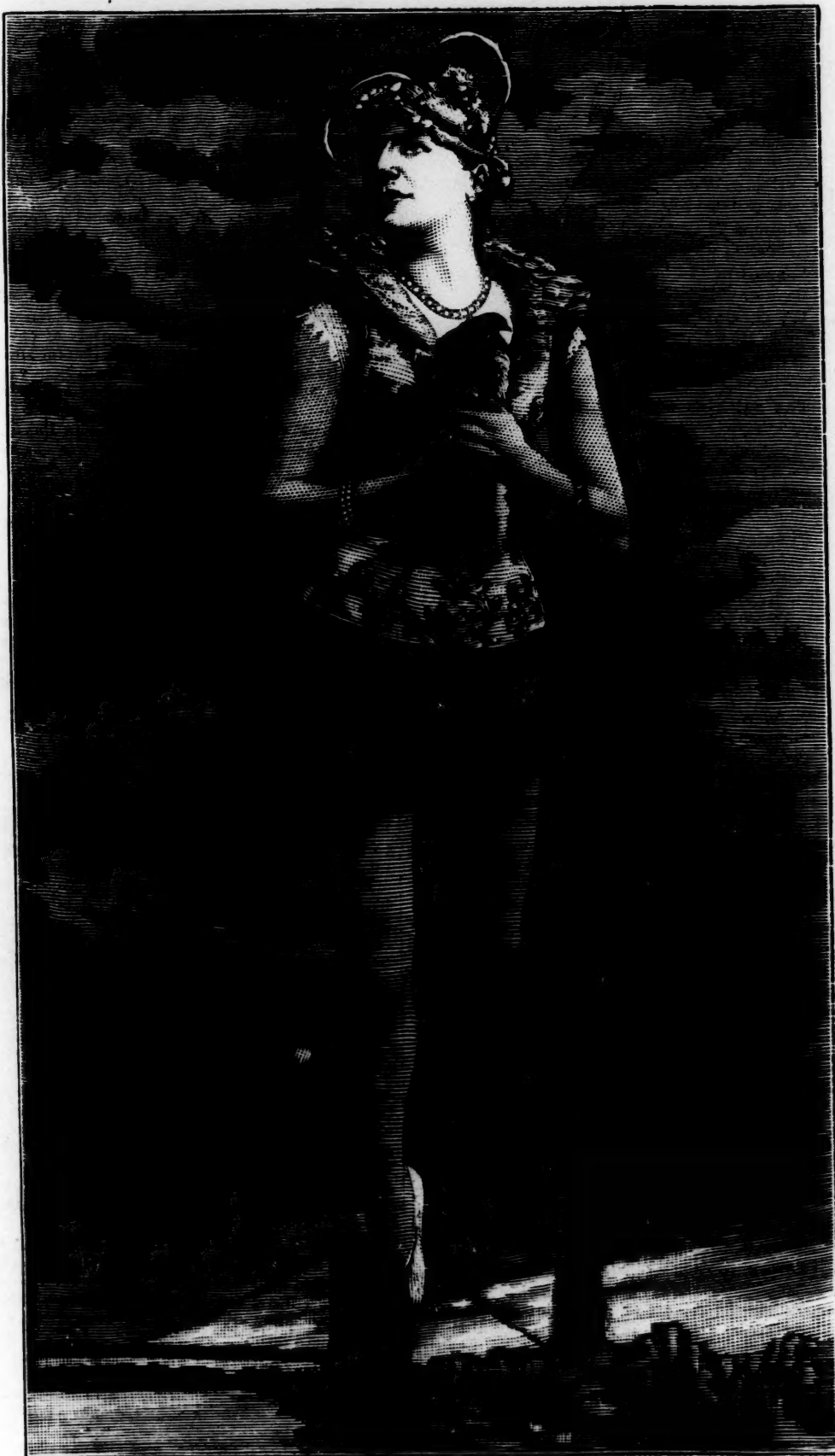
COURTING A PRINCESS.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' INDIAN MAHR HAS A BRIEF BUT EFFECTIVE INTERVIEW WITH A SEVERE NEW YORK POLICE JUDGE.



WILLIAM AUSTIN,

THE BRIGHT AND ENERGETIC MANAGER FROM DOWN EAST WHO HAS KNOCKED OUR ACADEMY OF MUSIC STOCKHOLDERS SILLY.



PRECIOSA GRIGOLATIS,

THE BEAUTIFUL AND AERIAL YOUNG ARTIST WHO REJOICES IN THE NAME OF "THE HUMAN FAIRY."
[Photo by Falk.]

Surprised in Their Lair.

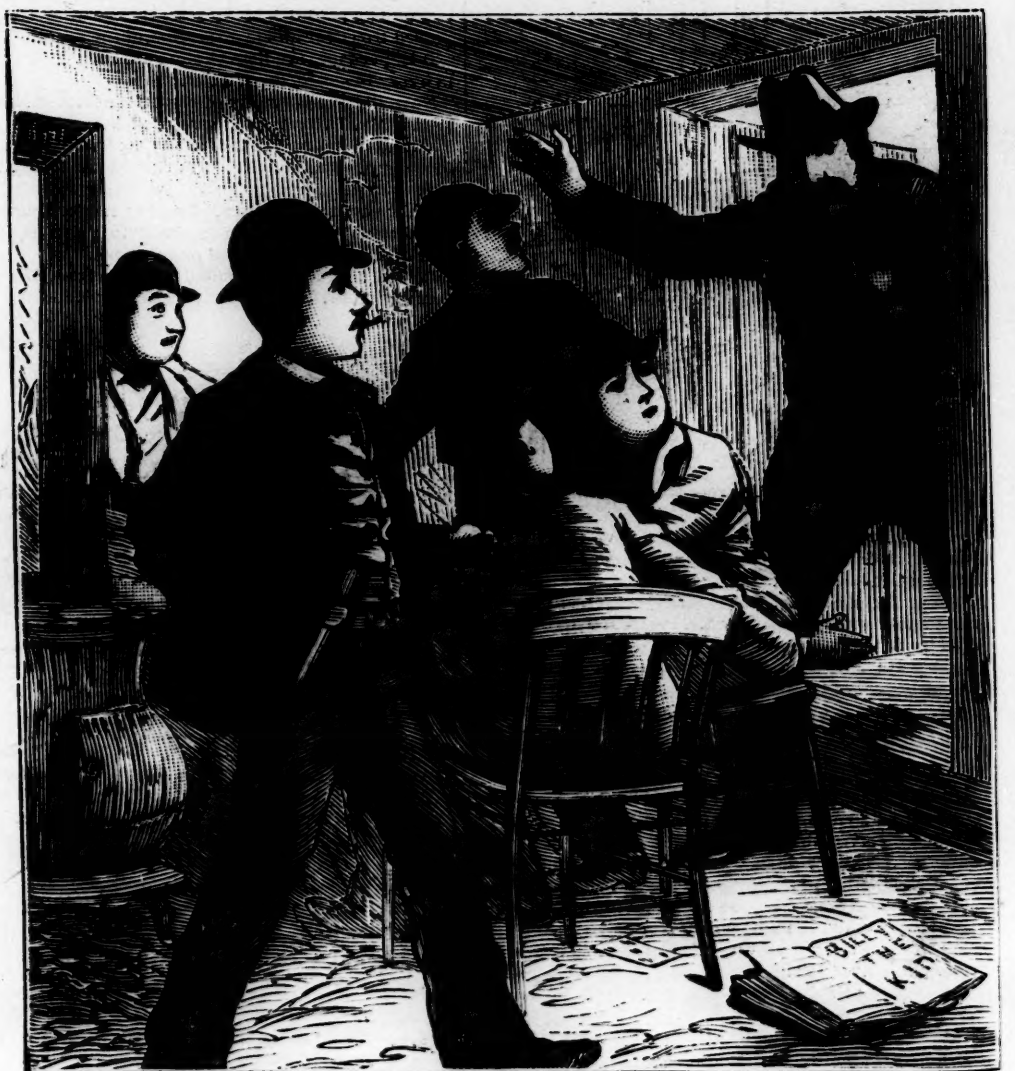
Defly hidden among the trees and bushes in an isolated spot a short distance northeast of Olean, N. Y., on Feb. 12, Chief of Police Wiley, found five boys, from ten to sixteen years of age, in a hut, comfortably seated around a coal stove in which blazed a cheerful fire. This shanty, constructed by the youngsters in a secluded spot, and of stolen materials, has long been a daily resort for many truants whose parents supposed they were in school. Half a dozen chairs which the cabin contained were



GEORGE W. ROBERTS,

ONE OF THE SKILLFUL KNIGHTS OF THE FOOT-BOARD OF THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.

stolen long ago from the public park. A quantity of coal in the corner was doubtless stolen from the railroads. The officer destroyed the building and escorted the five boys before Justice McKinley, who reprimanded them severely. Two or three years ago a gang of lawless youths constructed a shanty at another place near town and carried on extensive thieving operations for a good while before they were discovered. The ring-leaders were finally sent to a house of correction. These last are a second crop of amateur desperadoes.



BOY BANDITS.

AN ENTERPRISING CONSTABLE IN OLEAN, N. Y., STUMBLES INADVERTENTLY, OF COURSE, UPON A NEST OF JUVENILE FREE-BOOTERS.



THE REAL THING.

TWO GENUINE LIVE COWBOYS, THE CHAMPION "MASHERS" AND MUSTANG-RIDERS OF MONTANA, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.



CRAZED BY CRUELTY.

A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN GRANTVILLE, GEORGIA, IS DRIVEN INMATE BY BRUTAL RUFFIANISM.



HE WENT THE WRONG WAY.

THE FIG-AND-ROOSTER-CARRYING CRANK IS CHASED BY AN EXCITED AND SUSPICIOUS MOB OF JERSEY FARMERS.



CONEY ISLAND CRANKS

A PARTY OF HIPPOPOTAMUS-HIDED SCANDINAVIANS GO IN FOR A WINTER MORNING BATH AT MANHATTAN BEACH.

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

An Explosive Hog, Intoxicating Smelling Salts, One Chased Parson and a Well-Whipped Chicago Husband.

A HOG EXPLODED.

"Talk about dynamite," said a tall fellow, in the lobby of the Sturtevant House the other day. "I can tell you a true story of what nitro-glycerine once did in our State. It was out near Prairie du Chien, where they were blasting on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Road. The contractor had several kegs of the stuff in an underground place. One day a workman left the place open; by and by some hogs came along, found a keg open, and, as glycerine is as sweet almost as honey, the animal filled himself. He came out by and by and soon wandered into a stable which contained about forty horses belonging to the contractor. The hog got footing around among the horses' hind legs, when one of them drew off and gave Mr. Hog a good one. The concussion started the business, and



Hog-hoisting by dynamite.

not a vestige was ever discovered of the hog or of a single horse or the stable. And where the stable once stood there was a hole in the earth 50 feet deep and 200 feet in circumference. Fact, gentlemen!"

SWILLING FROM HER SMELLING-BOTTLE.

A doctor button-boled a GAZETTE reporter the other day holding in his hand one of those pretty little smelling-bottles that some of the charming young women have been greatly affecting. The doctor is a good old soul, but crotchety, very crotchety at times. He has journeyed as a lecturer in his time, and in delivering one of his little addresses even now he loves to have something to use as an illustration, like a patient at one of his pet clinics twenty years ago.

"Our women have abominable tricks," he began. "They lace tightly, they wear French heels on their pinching little boots; they underdress the upper part of their bodies and drag about after them yards upon yards of heavy trains; they ruin their digestions by overheating and surfeiting themselves with sweetmeats; they paint their faces, wear dead women's hair on their heads, put belladonna in their eyes, and, last but not least, they are ruining some of their most delicate nerves by using just such abominations as this," and he thrust the smelling-bottle directly under the reporter's nose.

"You see," he continued, "this is a kind of last stage. Young ladies find after a little dissipation that their nerves are getting shaky, and every now and then a feeling of faintness, or dizziness comes over them. What do they do? Why, they get one of these things and fill it up with biting salts. The more they use it the more they like it. Just as it is with any other habit, it grows upon them. Then again the use of the bottle enables them to show a trim arm and waist to advantage. Now, the olfactory nerves are just like any other. You can use them properly and you can use them improperly; you can educate them and you can blunt them, and blunting them is just what these girls are doing. Powerful salts—for the very strongest kind are used by many—have more effect by far on the olfactory nerves than snuff or tobacco-smoke. Why, this very bottle here (I have just taken it from a patient who complained of awful headache) is a fair



The sustaining scent-bottle.

sample. Use it long enough, my boy, and I'll defy you to distinguish eau de cologne from asafetida. You don't believe it? I tell you I have known this very thing to happen. Extreme cases? Oh, yes, but they'll do for examples. These smelling-bottles cause headaches, sore throats and red noses, and this last argument has more force with my patients than all the others combined a dozen times over. Why don't I organize a crusade against them? What's the use? Haven't doctors and reformers been preaching about

light lacing for years, and does the number of 18-inch waists diminish? Haven't they proclaimed that French heels are dangerous, and doesn't the rule of stepladder shoes continue unabated? They've told the truth and made themselves a laughing-stock. I prefer to dissemble and be revered."

CHASING A MINISTER.

A strange sight was witnessed at No. 10 North Eighth street, Reading, Pa., Feb. 13. Detective Kershner and an irate boarding-house keeper were in



One chased minister.

full pursuit of a stranger, who afterward gave his name as J. M. Meredith, a minister. He arrived there some time ago and engaged boarding at a fashionable house on Penn Square and commenced canvassing for a publication. He also preached in a number of city pulpits and was well received. Recently the boarding-house keeper swore out a warrant, alleging that Meredith owed him \$9 and had surreptitiously removed his trunk and other baggage. The warrant was placed in the hands of an officer. Next day, however, the officer got on his track, and the chase out of Eighth street to the Scott Hotel was witnessed by quite a crowd. Meredith got there in advance, and while his pursuers were searching up stairs, quietly slipped out of a rear door, with his high silk hat in hand, and disappeared down a narrow alleyway. His trunk was found at an out-of-the-way place and was seized. Meredith appears to be forty-five years of age, wears a heavy fur collar and cloth cape and is a good talker. It is said that he was at Lancaster a few weeks ago where he beat a number of first-class boarding-houses. At last accounts he was still at large, but the police hope to arrest him soon. Several charges of alleged swindling are pending against him.

WHIPPING A HUSBAND.

It was a sorry spectacle that Albion C. Cate, a prominent lawyer, presented when he walked into the Chicago Avenue Police Court the other day. His



Washing out an insult.

shining bald pate was scratched, and all the stiffness was out of his collar and shirt-bosom, as if he had been drenched with water. His wife and her father, Mr. Joseph Lane, appeared against him.

Mrs. Cate is a woman of about twenty-eight, of refined appearance and a pleasant voice. She said: "My husband came home to tea last night and said he had had trouble with Molan, the tailor, and had shot him. He was then under the influence of liquor. He said he was going out again on business. He returned about a quarter to 11 o'clock, very drunk, and reeled up stairs. He has come home drunk seven or eight times in ten years. He used indecent language before our seven-year-old daughter. I hit him over the head with a large umbrella which stood in the hallway, and sent out the hired girl for my father, whom I had notified to be near when my husband came home. He held my husband while I hit him." Mr. Lane, the white-haired father-in-law, testified that he found his son-in-law trying to put his daughter out of doors.

"I took him by the wrists," said he, "and tried to hold him, but he struggled fearfully. My daughter was striking at him at the same time with the umbrella."

"I was intoxicated, I'll admit that," said Mr. Cate. "I was down town attending to some business, and I took more liquor than I ought to. I used no violence toward this woman, but I should not have any hesitation about using it toward her father, for there never has been any love lost between us. He held me while this woman went to the bathroom and drew cold water, and as fast as she could draw it threw it on me. My clothes are wet from head to foot."

"Did you use vile language?" Justice Kersten asked. "I am sure I did, but I think the circumstances justified it."

"You are held to keep the peace in bonds of \$300. You probably deserved the whipping you got." Cate is a graduate of Harvard, and was formerly Professor of Greek in the West Division High School. There he formed the acquaintance of Miss Lane, who was one of his pupils. They have been married some eight years and have one child.

SPENDING HIS MILLIONS.

A Young Man Whose Father Turned Him Out of Doors, but Made Him His Heir.

"I was immensely amused yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock at a spectacle I saw on Fifth avenue," remarked a clerk in a popular up-town hotel, as he leaned over and looked at the reflections of his diamonds in the polished surface of the desk. "The spectacle attracted a good deal of attention, and I felt justified in standing on the corner and waving my hand majestically at it as it passed by. It didn't notice me, but I have already forgiven it."

"What was it?"

"It was a young man about twenty-four years of age, who has been a fixture in our bar-room for four years. You may have observed in the papers within the past two weeks a notice of the death of a dealer in plumbing supplies, who was eccentric, and lived over his shop to the end of his days, despite the fact that he accumulated a million. His only son had aspirations above his father's business, and the father kicked him out two years ago. After that the boy lived at this hotel—that is, he passed his days and nights here, but slept in some remote lair which none of us has ever been able to find."

"During this time he was the laughing-stock of the whole place. He talked with the ball boys and the porters, but had a wholesome fear of the men behind the desk. He would gaze at the swells going in and out with the utmost reverence, and was perpetually trying to imitate them. His shoes were invariably run down at the heel, his linen frayed, and his coat-sleeves too short for him. We guyed him unmercifully, but he took it all with the most haughty mien imaginable, and now he is evidently taking his revenge. He has fallen into a million by his father's death, and to-day I caught him doing the grand. He certainly isn't over 4½ feet high, he wears a pug nose and a pair of huge ears, and his whitish hair is cropped short. When I caught sight of him he was bowling up the avenue in the finest style of the art. He wore a white top coat, white overalls, a silk hat and a pair of yellow gloves, and sat on the top of the biggest dog-cart I ever saw. It had big red wheels, which looked as if they had been taken off a fire-engine, and a huge red body. It was yanked along by a high-stepping piebald horse, and on the box, bolstered up with cushions and a footstool or ottoman on which to rest his feet—his legs were not long enough to reach the floor—sat his alba. A single eyeglass dangled over his breast, his elbows were akimbo, and every time the horse shook his head it looked as if he would yank the youngster off his feet and toss him up as though thrown from a bean-shooter. Beside him was a big footman, and both of them were talking affably as they climbed up the avenue. The horse had a sort of pile-driver action with the fore legs, and the heavy chains on his harness rattled loudly. That young millionaire is the biggest man in New York to-day, and he will continue to think so until he meets some other millionaire who really is the swell, and then he will find out his weak points in very short order."

Then the clerk looked at the reflection of his symmetrical head in the mirror behind the desk, and then fell to staring the guests out of countenance with mechanical intensity.

A GRAB GAME.

Bebe Vining Drops Her Purse on a Ferry-Boat, With a Ludicrous Result.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A writer in Sunday's Star says:

"I saw that pretty little woman, Bebe Vining, crossing the Brooklyn ferry on Saturday at 11 A. M. She sat demure and beautiful in the ladies' cabin, and all the dudes sitting in a row besides me felt their hearts go out to her."

"She had in her arms a wig box, a satchel full of 'make-up' and a bundle which I shrewdly suspected was a pair of tights."

"There was a bump of the boat announcing that it had reached the dock. The pretty little burlesquer sprang to her feet and made for the door. As she arose she left on the floor her pocket-book, well stuffed and evidently containing more than one week's salary."

"Six dudes rushed to pick it up. The heads of five collided, and they were knocked out. The sixth picked it up, and running after the lady presented it to her."

"Thanks," said she; "I am very fortunate to get it back."

"That dude looked so big—was pluming himself to put on such airs that I was tempted to take him down a peg."

"The lady was Bebe Vining?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes," said he. "I have been following her in rapture for a week."

"She was very severe on you," said I.

"Severe?" said he.

"Yes, severe."

"I don't understand."

"You seized her pocket-book?"

"Yes—and returned it to her."

"And she said she was darned glad to get it back, seeing whose hands it had fallen into," said I.

"Do you think she meant that?"

"I know she did. She looked it."

"Great gosh! I'm as far off from her as ever!" said the dude.

"Farther, my dear boy, farther," said I; and I left the masquerade all broke up."

A DASHING DEBUTANTE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A New York debutante, who has neither riches nor beauty, entered society with the avowed intention of making a sensation, and she is succeeding with a vengeance.

One of her mildest eccentricities is to call men by their first names immediately upon introduction, while at several "girl" luncheons she has monopolized the entire attention of the guests with rhapsodical accounts of her tremendous success, of the number of proposals she has had, and the compliments she had received—and I fear that one or two more little incidents like the following will have the effect of putting a somewhat sudden stop to her social career.

At a recent private ball she was sitting next to Mrs. Herman Jones at supper, when Mr. Danny Fearing brought that lady an ice. "Oh, I wish I had an ice!" ejaculated the dame in question. "May I bring you one?" politely inquired Mr. Fearing. "Oh, yes; only bring me twice as much as that. Oh, by the way," she added, turning to Mrs. Jones, as the surprised man

went off, "you might as well present that fellow to me; I don't know him." When he returned and the introduction had taken place she noticed that he had a bottle of champagne in his hand. "Oh, I want some of that!" she cried. "Let me get you a glass," said Fearing, moving away. "Oh, never mind that; I was brought up on the bottle," was the reply. "Hold up your hat in front of me." And seizing the bottle she put it to her lips and drained a respectable portion of its contents with the ease and grace of a southside boatman.

STUCK IN A DRIFT.

Relieving the Passengers of a Snow-Bound Central Pacific Train.

"This little snow snap doesn't amount to anything," remarked an old Chicago railroad man. "If you want to see snow that's snow just go out to the Sierra Nevada on the Central Pacific. If a train gets stuck in a drift here for half an hour people think it an awful thing, but I remember once where a whole train was buried in the snow for a week. An avalanche came down the mountain side and buried 'em under some hundred feet of snow. There wa'n't much use of digging for 'em, 'cause the snow would pile in as fast as it could be dug out."

"But the passengers were starving to death, and something had to be done. The relief party got a surveyor to locate the train as nearly as possible, and it was designed to put a party on top of the slide with a drill to put a hole down through to the train in which some food and drink could be poured. But it was soon found that the slide was shifting all the time near the top, and the tubing which was put in the drill hole was broken off. That scheme had to be abandoned. Then I suggested a plan which was immediately adopted. We rigged up a little iron concern to fit one of the rails, attached a rubber hose to it, and pushed it in by means of iron rods. Putting on one rod after another we succeeded in shoving it clear in so that it reached the train. Using the rubber hose for a speaking-tube, we told the prisoners what they should do. Attaching the air-pump on the engine to this hose they pumped in hot soup and bits of meal and bread, vegetables, etc., every time they wanted a meal. Between meals they pumped in whiskey, beer, kerosene oil and stuff like that—all through the same tube. Then I had another idea. By supplying the hose with plenty of hot water, and by keeping the pump going, we succeeded in thawing enough of the snow along the rail to let the passengers crawl out after they had been in there a week. But that air-pump saved their lives. I tell you an air-pump is a fine thing."

A GALLANT RESCUE.

How a Boy Was Saved From a Burning Brooklyn Building.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Moore Brothers' grocery store, at Fifth avenue and Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, was discovered to be on fire early the other morning. When the firemen arrived the hallway leading to the upper floors of the building was filled with smoke and the stairs were burning. The structure is of brick and three stories high. The families living on the second floor were aroused by the arrival of the engines, and escaped. John Anderson, his wife and several children occupied the top floor, and found it impossible to make their way down the stairs, but, after considerable difficulty, were lowered to the ground by a rope. The children were so thoroughly frightened that they were utterly helpless. A policeman awakened the family of Durando Russell, who lived over the store, but they, too, were unable to escape by means of the hallway. The firemen shouted to them to climb out of the window. They succeeded in reaching the street by sliding down the snow-covered awning and dropping upon mattresses.

When it was believed that all the inmates of the house had escaped a lad was seen at one of the windows. He shouted for somebody to help him. One of the policemen lifted a ladder to the building, but it did not reach the window. The policeman lifted the ladder to his shoulders, and, bracing himself, called upon one of the firemen to mount the ladder and rescue the child. By standing on the top round of the ladder the fireman was enabled to reach the boy, and, bidding him cling closely about his neck, descended to the street in safety. Moore Brothers lose \$5,000 and George Gokenhois, the owner of the building, places his damage at \$1,000.

A DOUBLE HANGING.

Wayne Powers and George Gibson were hanged at Estillville, Va., Feb. 8, for the murder of William Gibson in April last. Both addressed the crowd, acknowledging the crime and exonerating Jonah Powers, convicted of the same offense. The parting between Wayne Powers and his brother Jonah, who has been reprieved by the Governor, was very affecting. Wayne Powers, in a pamphlet, has confessed that he attempted to murder his own brother and many others. He ascribed all his woes to whiskey, cards and pistols. Three thousand persons were present. The execution was private, but a stand had been erected outside of the jail from which the condemned men spoke. They detailed the killing and burning of the body of their victim, and the story was horrible to listen to. The killing was done for \$12 and a suit of clothes. Gibson joked and laughed about the rope and some persons up the trees who were looking on. They swung off at 12 o'clock.

"THE HUMAN FLY."

[With Portrait.]

Mlle. Preciosa Grigolatti, who is professionally known as "The Human Fly," and who does an astounding aerial acrobatic act, has only been in this country a few months. She was first introduced here by Herr Amberg at the Thalia theatre and made a hit even more pronounced than that of Ida Mülle or Pauline Hall.

THE REAL ARTICLE.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we publish authentic portraits of two real cowboys of Gallatin county, Montana. Mr. Ben. V. Clark and Mr. J. R. Welsh are the champion "maschers" of the Territory, and our picture represents them in all the splendor of their youthful charms and picturesque garments.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

A DESPICABLE HUSBAND

How His Plot to Ruin His Wife's Character Was Frustrated.

A sensation was developed in court in Cleveland, the other day, when the suit brought by A. A. King, a well-known business man, against his wife for adultery was up on trial. The charge against the lady was that on the night of Feb. 7 she accompanied A. J. Jewell, a commercial drummer, of Syracuse, N. Y., to the Empire House, where Jewell registered as W. J. Moore and wife, of Detroit, and where they took a room and remained over night. Mrs. King, whose arrest created a decided sensation in social circles, is a very handsome woman, about thirty years of age, with large, dark eyes, pretty mouth and fine form.

After the hackman who had driven Mrs. King and Jewell to the hotel had testified, and the hotel clerk had told how he assigned the two people to one room, and how, at 1 o'clock in the morning, on being called to the room, he had found Mrs. King asleep in a chair and Jewell engaged in writing a letter, Jewell announced to the court that he would tell all about the affair.

Jewell swore that he met King a few weeks ago and entered into an agreement to assist him in procuring a divorce, for which service he was to receive \$200. Jewell's task was to place Mrs. King in such a compromising position as to render the procurement of a divorce an easy matter. He accordingly assumed the character of a lawyer and offered to procure for her compromising depositions which he alleged King had obtained. She agreed to consult friends about accepting his assistance, and a few days later had an interview with him at the Hawley House, at which she declined his services. On that day Jewell began his dirty work in the conspiracy. He then ordered a hack, first informing the hackman to be sure and miss the train which Mrs. King desired to take.

The train was missed, and there was no other that would take her home that night, and after considerable maneuvering, Jewell prevailed on Mrs. King to go to the Empire House, where guests register and no questions are asked. He gave an excuse that it would be much better for her to wait there than anywhere else. She went, and unknown to her, and in furtherance of the scheme concocted by the husband, he registered as man and wife. Mrs. King's indignation when she discovered what had been done, he claimed, first revealed to him her true character, her husband having represented her to him as being an immoral woman.

The perfidious character of King's plot being thus revealed, he told her the whole story of the conspiracy. They both remained in the same room that night. She sat in a chair with her hat and cloak on, and he wrote a number of letters, and passed the remainder of the time until morning in reading. She left on the first train in the morning, and he never saw her again until she was brought into court.

Upon hearing the story Judge Coates dismissed Mrs. King. A warrant was immediately served on King, who was in the court-room, charging him with assault. This charge was simply to hold him until he can be arrested for conspiracy, the penalty for which is a term in the penitentiary if the charge is sustained.

SCHOLARLY "SUPES."

How Harvard Undergraduates Make Their Bow to the Boston Public.

A Harvard undergraduate says: "You see it's great fun to get on the stage and have a good look at Fattil and Nilsson and Sembrich and all the great singers. Besides, one gets a sight of society people in the audience, while not one in a hundred ever suspects who you are. But last year Senator —, of Maine, had the very box we are in this evening. The opera was 'La Gioconda.' You remember Nilsson and Sembrich and Fursch-Madi were in it. There were at least a dozen Harvard men as 'supers' that night. Some were soldiers and had to march down to the footlights; others were boatmen, peasants and so on. Well, it happened that Senator —'s son was 'suping' that night, and you can judge of his astonishment when looking about he saw his father, mother and sisters at the theatre, when he thought they were in Portland. He was the boatman in the second act, and had the pleasure of rowing Nilsson and Sembrich almost under his father's nose. His make-up was extremely picturesque—white trousers, striped shirt, with sleeves rolled up, and a red bandanna tied about his head. He was anything but in full dress attire. Now, his mother is noted for her dignity and sense of propriety, and to say that she was shocked at the unexpected sight is putting it mild.

"There was a time when Harvard men were tabooed off the stage. It happened in this way: Some time ago, I think it must be nearly four years, Col. Mapleson brought out a fine cast at the Boston or Globe—I've forgotten which. In the repertoire was 'L'Africaine.' No expense was spared to make the opera a success. Every detail was attended to. The stage-setting was perfect, and, to crown all, twenty-five Harvard men offered themselves to the colonel as 'supers' for the evening. Now, Col. Mapleson was proud of the appearance of these 'supers,' all athletic and of the physique, and had them at rehearsal, for these men to board ship, to be repulsed amid great carnage.

"The effect of the tableau depended on the realism of the attack. So when the night of the opera came around the theatre was packed, and everything went on brilliantly until the time of the fight. The curtain went up and showed a large ship with her broadside presented toward the audience. After the preliminary singing came the attack, and now the fun began. For the tables were completely turned. Instead of being vanquished, the Harvard men, blackened and dressed to represent natives, had a merry time of it pitching the astonished seamen overboard. Then they fell to tearing on the ship, and in a twinkling of an eye the stage presented a sorry sight of scattering timbers and canvas. Of course, the scene was spoiled, and the curtain was hastily rung down, not on a chorus of exulting seamen, but a band of yelling savages. The worst of it was the joke on the poor colonel himself, who was obliged to step before the curtain and apologize for the misbehavior of his Harvard supers. So it happened that the Harvard men were not wanted to do heavy opera for the rest of that season.

"On another more recent occasion, at a very impressive part of the scene in some opera, a king was to drive

on the stage seated in a chariot. Well, as is usual in such affairs, the chariot had to be hauled along by means of ropes and pulleys. A couple of Harvard boys were detailed to do the work. Nicolini was the king, and at the proper time took his place in the gilded chariot. When the signal was given the fellows pulled on the ropes, but paying more attention to the chorus of a couple of pretty ballet-girls than to the work they were doing, the chariot caught on the edge of the scenery, and Nicolini was pitched in a very unceremonious manner head first on the stage. He picked himself up and continued his part in an apparently unconcerned condition of mind, but when off the stage the air was blue with heathenish Italian."

SHE DODGED HER RIVAL.

The Fiendish and Murderous Attempt of a Jealous Young Servant-Girl.

Accident alone prevented the death of Emma Mombberger, a teacher, of Ashland, Pa., at the hands of Susan Stiltz, a jealous domestic at Miss Mombberger's boarding-house. Miss Mombberger, a handsome girl of attractive manners and fair education, has been teaching for some time past at Bouring Creek, a few miles from Centerville. She had beaux in abundance, and among them the lover of Susan Stiltz.

Susan was openly jealous, and she several times remonstrated against the fair school-mistress' usurpation of her lover's affections, but nothing was thought of it, as Miss Mombberger simply received the young man's attentions as she did those of others. When the coffee was poured out the other morning at breakfast, however, the mistress of the boarding-house observed Susan pour the contents of a small paper package into the teacher's cup. Susan then left the room and the mistress for the moment forgot the circumstance.

Fifteen minutes later, as Miss Mombberger raised the cup to her lips, the lady of the house recalled Susan's suspicious conduct, arrested the teacher's arm before she had drank any of the coffee, emptied the cup and found in the bottom enough Paris green to kill the whole family.

The horrified mistress at once called in Susan and taxed her with the crime. The jealous girl, looking from her mistress to her hated rival, turned pale and confessed that she had placed the poison in Miss Mombberger's cup with the design of killing the woman that had estranged her lover's affections. Susan has not been arrested for her murderous attempt.

A PRINCESS IN A POLICE COURT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An Indian princess, who appeared on the police returns as Julia French, but who says that her real name is Ga-gu-gita, was among the prisoners at the Jefferson Market Police Court recently. She had been arrested by Patrolman Shill, of the Twenty-ninth precinct, who found her in Sixth avenue at 9 o'clock at night reeling drunk. Firewater, she said, had been too much for her. This is the Indian woman who enlisted the sympathies of the stern Capt. Williams by making his strong cigars when recently she sought shelter in the station-house after having been abandoned by her husband. She claims to be the daughter of the chief of the Canagawha tribe of Indians, who inhabit a reservation in Canada. Her husband is a full-blooded Indian, and his English name is Frank Deming. They were in Montreal giving exhibitions with a party of Indians, and when their engagement ended there her husband heard that there was an Indian wigwam in this city and they came to New York, expecting to give exhibitions of Indian customs, war-dances, etc., and also to make and sell beadwork.

When they arrived here they could get nothing to do, and her husband went away leaving her penniless. Then he advertised her as missing, and she hunted him up and found him in a lodging-house at No. 163 Prince street. They took up their quarters in Thirtieth street, near the Twenty-ninth precinct police station. Her husband again abandoned her about two weeks ago, and she has not seen him since. Justice Duffy sympathized with the deserted princess and committed her for three days to give her a chance to recover from the effects of her drunk.

RESURRECTING WILKES BOOTH.

A newspaper correspondent has just published a description of the scene of Wilkes Booth's exhumation. He says:

"Marines came in with spades. The flagging above Booth was pried aside. Then the men dug down to the coffin, which was of plain wood, and it was lifted to the surface. At my suggestion and, for purposes of identification, it was opened. I made a mental inventory of the appearances. To one who had seen Booth on the stage there could be no doubt of the remains. The dry, sandy quality of the soil had preserved them wonderfully. There was a three weeks' growth of beard. There was a uniform of an infantry soldier. There was a woman's laced shoe on the injured foot, off of which Dr. Mudd had cut the boot and on which his kindly wife had put one of her own shoes. The features were a little sunken, and from them the flesh had not fallen. The expression was the calm one of rest which I think comes to all the dead.

"On exposure to the atmosphere some of the clothes shriveled, as if shrinking from the rude invasion, but the hands and the face reposed in complete quietude and although of the nine men present seven wore the uniform of the government whose beloved chief that man had killed, all bared their heads and talked in subdued tones. In unconsciously paying tribute to the finest spectacle of manly beauty any of them had ever seen, and in yielding even to that grave and that corpse the respect death as a fact always commands in gentle minds."

The body was taken to Baltimore and delivered to Edwin and Julius Brutus Booth, who buried it beside that of their father there.

SNOW-BOUND ON THE ELEVATED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During the recent blizzard in New York city three or four trains were compelled to come to a dead halt on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. Some of the more impatient passengers, losing their time and their temper simultaneously, got out and, as school-boys say, "swarmed down" to the street. The droll scene involved is duly depicted in our illustration.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal card.

CRAZED AT PRAYER.

A Preacher Thrown From a Church Window Into a Grave-Yard.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The country for many miles around Wheeling, W. Va., is disturbed by a demonstrative religious revival which has been going on for some days at Wells' Bottom, a small town near Bay View, Ohio. The climax of excitement was reached the other night, when the revivalist minister announced to the congregation that Chris Dongel, a notorious infidel, had seen God and was ready to espouse the Gospel. At the moment of the announcement Mrs. Margaret Miller, the wife of Jackson Miller, a Justice of the Peace, sprang upon a bench and uttered a piercing shriek. This was an impromptu signal for a joyous outbreak. The man at the organ planted his feet on the pedals and let the big instrument "go" for all it was worth. The Rev. Dr. Dodge, in a loud voice, commanded the people to shout with all the power of their lungs that the Lord might hear of his triumph over Bob Ingersoll and the devil.

The command was obeyed to the letter. Men and women left their seats and began to dance up and down the aisles, calling upon Christ to descend upon them and give some manifestation of his approval. A rush was made for the pulpit, from the top of which the minister, in a delirium of excitement, dived head first into the surging mass below. The pulpit was then torn down, the Bible ripped into shreds and the minister hurled through a plate-glass window into an adjoining grave-yard.

The work of demolition thus inaugurated spread with increasing fury and lightning rapidity. Backs were kicked off the pews and even the flooring of the church was partially ripped up.

A procession formed, and Dongel was lifted upon the shoulders of the women, who marched up and down the center aisle shrieking "Rock of Ages!"

The meeting did not close until 4 o'clock in the morning, at which time the interior of the church was a complete wreck. The following day, Saturday, Dongel, who had not ceased howling one moment from the time of his "conversion," became violently insane.

He went to the bank, drew out all his money and took it to the preacher. Then he locked Jacob Meiser in the cellar and compelled Mrs. Meiser to surrender what money she had at hand, which he also took to the preacher. The latter appeared greatly delighted, and snapping Dongel on the back told him to keep up the good work.

At the night meeting Dongel appeared in the fantastic costume of an Indian chief. He wore a crown of wax flowers and carried a heavy club. After a few murderous flourishes of the latter he ordered the minister, whom he addressed as Judas Iscariot, to leave the pulpit. The latter protested, whereupon Dongel hit him over the head with his club, almost crushing the poor man's skull.

Dongel then mounted the pulpit and menacing those before him announced himself as Christ, and said he was able not only to judge the world, but to knock it out at the same time. His manner was so violent and his voice so shrill that many women fainted and others made a desperate effort to crowd out of the church. This precipitated intense excitement and aroused Dongel to the fever heat of frenzy.

Springing from the pulpit he began using his club with murderous effect upon men and women alike. He seemed possessed of supernatural strength and threw off those who attempted to seize him as if they were pigmies. One woman, Mrs. Dilton, he beat into a shapeless mass, and broke her brother's nose with one blow when the latter interposed to save her life. It is believed that Mrs. Dilton must certainly die.

It was fully twenty minutes before Dongel could be secured, and only after a struggle which resulted in the fatal wounding of at least three of the deacons. When overcome, the maniac, in whom no vestige of reason now remained, was bound hand and foot and afterward gagged.

With this scene of bloodshed and misery the revival terminated, and the physicians of neighboring towns have been kept busy ever since patching up the victims.

Fears are entertained that the excitement has threatened the reason of the minister and several members of his flock, and that further distressing trouble will follow unless the commotion subsides.

"MUST SETTLE, SAH."

A Southern Fire-Eater in a Washington Street Car.

The Southern Bourbons have begun their march upon the Capital, writes a Washington correspondent to the *Cleveland Leader*. One of them created a sensation in a Pennsylvania avenue car yesterday. The street-car was nearly full, when he entered and took a seat beside a little dried-up negro with sharp eyes and a wiry form. Just opposite him sat two of the leading members of the House, one of whom has been a Democratic Senator, the other being now a leader of the Republicans. The Southerner was a tall, well-filled-out man of fifty-five. He was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, had a big silver-headed cane in his hand, and his face, ornamented with a full, gray beard, was rosy with drinking. He was, on the whole, a majestic-looking fellow, and as he swaggered into the car every eye was turned upon him. He sat down beside his colored brother, and looking at him with a smile said, "You from Varginie?" The negro nodded, and the Southerner continued, "I'm from Varginie, too, put it thar!" With that he took the negro's hand with a long flourish. As he shook it, the negro said, "Ole Varginie nevah tire!" and the old man, laughing, reached the settlement. As he did so, he stopped abruptly and said, "No, ole Varginie is tired of Mahone. He's an old fraud, and Varginie will bury him deeper than — at the next election."

The negro said nothing, and the man went on: "Yes, we'll bury Mahone. Barbour is the man. We'll send John B. Barbour to the Senate. Mahone is no good, and —"

Just here a well-built young man of forty, strong and muscular, and evidently a gentleman, who was sitting a few feet further on in the car, spoke up:

"You are mistaken about Mahone, sir. I am a friend of Gen. Mahone, and I can tell you he is a gentleman."

The fire-eater turned and looked at the young man as though he would wither him.

"So you believe in Mahone, sah! I would inform you, sah, that Gen. Mahone is a scoundrel, sah, and I don't like to see any one vouch for him in my presence, sah."

"I vouch for Gen. Mahone," said the young man, looking the now angry Southerner in the eye. "You do, do you? And will you tell me, sah, who vouches for you, sah?"

"I—vouch—for—myself," the young man sternly replied, without a change of feature.

"Well, sah, any man who vouches for Mahone, sah, in my presence, sah, must have a personal settlement with me, sah, and I mean what I say, by Gawd, sah! Now, sah, we will get out of this cab at any place you say, and we will settle this matter, sah!"

The placid young man looked him in the eye, but said nothing. He regarded him with silent contempt, as it were, and continued to look as the old man repeated the above statement.

At last the old man, infuriated, said:

"Well, sah, you may hope to escape me, sah! But I will stay in this cab, and when you get out I will get out, and we will have our settlement. No man shall vouch for Mahone in my presence, sah! No, by Gawd, sah!"

At this the fire-eater began to look around the car, and he saw the Democratic ex-Senator mentioned above.

"Why, how do you do, Senator?" said he, and he reached out his hand, which the Senator took. "You don't remember me, Senator, I see," he went on. "I remember you in the Senate. I am Col. Bill Gary, sah, of old Varginie, sah. If you want to know who Col. Bill Gary is, ask John Barbour! He will vouch for me. Do you see that young man there, Senator? I am going to give him a lesson, Senator."

And so he went on for a moment, when the conversation turned to politics, and he began to tell what the Democrats were going to do now that they had the power. In this he became so interested that when the Fourteenth street transfer station was reached and the Senator got out to take the other car he walked out along with him. He was just stepping into this when he remembered the young man whom he was going to fight, and he looked about in vain for him. The car in which he had been riding had gone on, and the young man with it. As the Fourteenth street car also moved away it left him with a dazed look on his face gazing at the big, tomb-like treasury.

CRAZED BY ILL TREATMENT.

A Young Girl Becomes a Raving Maniac and is Found in a Tree-Top.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Mr. I. Kelly, of Grantville, Ga., was going along a country road with his colored hands they heard pitiful moans coming from a tree-top, where they saw a beautiful white girl, partially nude. When she saw she was observed she came down the tree with surprising rapidity and ran further into the woods, screaming loudly. Mr. Kelly and his party soon caught up with the girl, who, turning around and facing her pursuers, fell on her knees and pulling her hair frantically, exclaimed:

"Pity a poor girl who has been ruined. Why will men drive me down to hell?—I" she raved, and was evidently insane. When Mr. Kelly placed his hand on her shoulder she sprang aside and found herself intercepted by a negro. "My God!" she exclaimed, and fell to the ground in a swoon. She was taken to a house near by and tenderly cared for, but is still raving.

It is supposed that she was assaulted by a companion who had brought her to the secluded place. From what has been gathered from her ravings it is not uncertain that she may have been subjected to repeated assaults. In her ravings she frequently mentions the name of Susie Williamson. She is about eighteen years old.

GEORGE W. ROBERTS.

[With Portrait.]

A fat, jolly, railroader is George W. Roberts, of the Long Island road. His good-natured face is always welcomed on the Glen Cove branch where he runs daily. This knight of the cab comes of railroad stock. His father is one of the oldest engineers in the country. For the past thirty years he has been connected with the Morris and Essex road, where his robust son first learned to handle the throttle.

For fifteen years George Roberts has held his responsible position on the Long Island road, where he is known as a careful, steady engineer, meeting with few accidents and always on time. He is a popular member of Division 105, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of this city, and is also well up in masonic honors. He is a worthy citizen of Jamaica, L. I., where he has many friends among his co-laborers and good neighbors.

CONEY ISLAND CRANKS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our artist graphically illustrates a scene witnessed recently at Coney Island by some of the winter residents of the Oriental Hotel. Three men, supposed to be Scandinavians from the Northwest, created an immense sensation by going in swimming in a heavy snow-storm. The *Ablines* watched them from the snug seclusion of the conservatory, but even under these favorable conditions the spectacle gave them a severe chill.

HE WENT THE WRONG WAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. E. P. Lespenasse, of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., undertook, on a wager, to carry a live pig and a rooster to Washington in time to be present at the inauguration of President Cleveland. During his passage through a New Jersey village he was mistaken for a more than ordinarily audacious chicken-thief, and had to run for his life. We illustrate the painful scene.

JAMES C. DALY.

[With Portrait.]

James C. Daly, champion all-round athlete of the world, was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1854. He stands 6 feet 1½ inches high and weighs 195 pounds in condition. He commenced his athletic career at the age of fourteen. Since then he has never been defeated, and is well known throughout the United States of America to be one of the best Irishmen Ireland has produced in the last century.

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A DEADLY AVALANCHE.

THE RUIN AND DESTRUCTION BROUGHT BY A HEAVY SNOW-SLIDE ON THE VILLAGE OF ALTA, UTAH.



A RED-HOT REVIVAL.

A WHEELING, W. VA., CONGREGATION EXPERIENCES A VOLCANIC OUTBURST OF RELIGION.



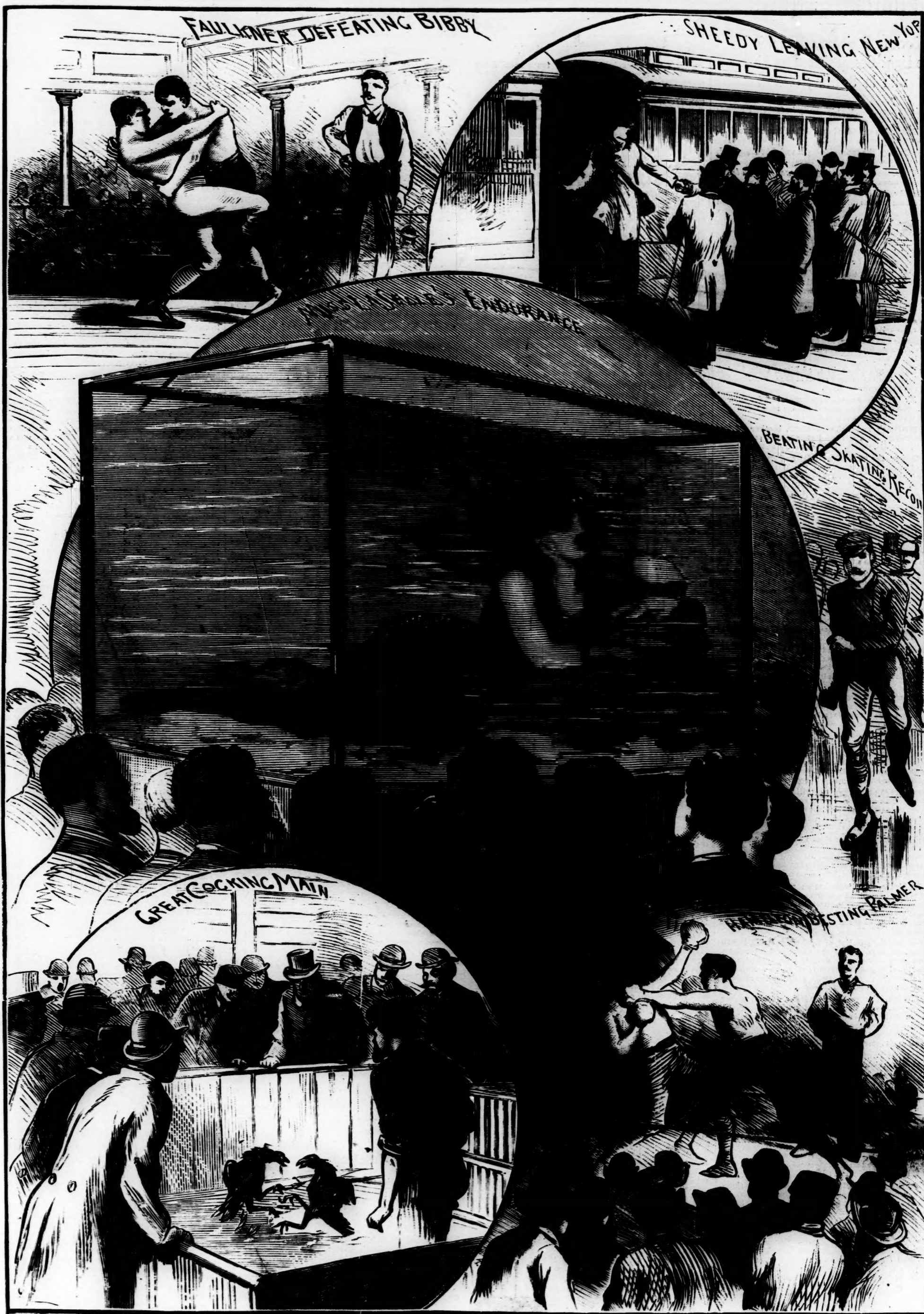
HIS BLOOD WAS UP.

BUTLER MAHONE PROVES HIS REPUDIATORIAL ANCESTRY BY DOING UP A SUPERFLUOUS WAITER.



AN ARCTIC CLIMB.

HOW A PARTY OF DELATED ELEVATED RAILROAD PASSENGERS GOT DOWN SAFE TO TERRA FIRMA.



THE WEEK'S SPORTS.

A KALEIDOSCOPIC NOT TO SAY PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RECENT AND VARIOUS ATHLETIC DIVERSIONS.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

The Serious Business of the Week and the Light Gossip that Goes There-with in Sporting Circles.

Joe Hartgraves defeated T. Tully in fourteen rounds in Philadelphia, Feb. 10.

John F. Scholes and Charley Mitchell box at the Adelaide Hotel, Toronto, on the 23d inst.

Jimmy Carney, the champion light weight of England, will visit this country some time next month.

M. J. Shay, the Hartford pugilist, was fined \$7 and costs recently for assaulting a rival pugilist in a saloon.

Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's backer, presented over \$25,000 worth of diamonds to his friends before he left for the Crescent City.

The New York Athletic Club have postponed the boxing championship until the latter part of March or early in April.

At Philadelphia, George Flood has challenged Owen Sweney, of Fairmount, for a glove contest at any style for \$100 or any part of it.

E. F. Mallahan says that he will match Jack Burke to box the winner of the glove contest between Joe Denning and William Springall.

Jack Stewart, the heavy-weight champion of Canada, and Alf. Cliffe are to fight on a British March 6, in the United States, for \$250 a side.

Jack Burke has been trying to arrange a match with Paddy Ryan, but the latter refuses, stating his next fight will be with Sullivan or no one.

Peter Duff, a colored pugilist, of Lima, Ohio, bested W. Layton, of Cleveland, in three rounds at Lima, Feb. 10. The purse and gate money were at risk.

John H. Clark has made three matches for Denny Kelleher. The first with John McLaughlin, the second with Jim Felt, and the third with Joe Denning.

John McGinley and John Kelleher, brother of the celebrated Denny, had a four-round glove contest at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, Feb. 11. Kelleher was declared the winner.

Jack Cooper, the champion pugilist of South Africa, is looking for rooms to open a boxing-school. It is reported that a purse has been subscribed for Jim Felt and Cooper to meet again in this city.

Wm. Springall and Capt. James C. Daly are matched to spar four rounds in this city between Feb. 27 and March 10, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts.

The glove contest recently arranged between Jack Cooper, the champion of South Africa, and Joe Denning was mutually declared off on Feb. 12. It is said Cooper desires to again meet Jim Felt in the arena for a purse.

Jimmy Mitchell and Jack Dempsey will meet shortly in a six-round glove contest. If such a thing should occur it will be worth \$5 to see it, as the light weight would be sure to hold his own against the New Yorker, and that is a straight tip.

What is the matter with the 134-pound pugilists that they all appear to fight shy of meeting Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, whom Arthur Chambers is ready to match for \$1,000 a side against any of the light-weight division at the above weight?

Jim McHugh, of Omaha, and Andy Hart fought for a purse of \$50 recently in a well-known resort up town. Jack Dempsey was referee. The conditions were four rounds, Queensberry rules. After an interesting contest Dempsey decided the contest a draw.

Andy Hanley, the well-known feather-weight pugilist, is training Jimmy Ryan in Philadelphia. It is understood Ryan is eager to again meet Jack Dempsey. There is not the least doubt that the light-weight champion will consent to a match with him.

Diek Townsend, of Farmingdale, N. J., writes that he will match Joe Butcher to fight Cotton Whitlock or Jack Boyce with gloves, according to London rules, for \$25 to \$100 a side, and that he has posted \$15 with C. W. Brower, proprietor of the American Hotel, for the above parties to cover.

Joe Coburn, the ex-champion pugilist, is giving Capt. James C. Daly lessons in the many art, and is ready to furnish funds for the Irish-American to meet any man in the arena. Daly, under Coburn's tuition, will no doubt learn many points which he is in need of if he expects to win the championship.

W. Gabig and Clipper Donohue had a 30-round fight for a purse near Philadelphia early Saturday morning, Feb. 14. Only a few people witnessed the affair, which was kept very quiet. At the end of the thirtieth round Clipper quit, having had considerably the worst of the transaction. The purse was very small.

Tom McAlpine, the well-known veteran pugilist, continues to keep the pugilistic ball rolling out West. Since McAlpine invaded Wisconsin and Minnesota he has created quite a boom among the fraternity, and has arranged and signed in several glove contests, while he recently filled the position of referee in a slugging match.

James Burns, the pugilist, of Rochester, N. Y., is still in this city ready to meet any of the middle or heavy weights. Burns, on a recent visit to Buffalo, whipped Andre Christol, a bartender, and two of Christol's friends right off the reel. He is only eighteen years of age, weighs 180 pounds, and intends to challenge Joe Denning if the latter defeats Springall.

Jim McHugh, the well-known light weight, makes Jack Dempsey's Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirtieth street, his headquarters. McHugh has figured in several battles, and he is now eager to go to Philadelphia to box Mallon, the light weight, who won first prize in John H. Clark's boxing competition, and after was defeated in short order by Jack Dempsey.

The sporting men of Philadelphia are looking forward with eager interest to the match between George Freyer, Chambers' big 'un, and Alf. Greenfield. If Freyer, who hails from Nottingham, is as clever as reported the contest will be well worth a trip to Philadelphia. Greenfield is one of the most scientific pugilists now in this country, and Freyer needs to be on edge to be able to defeat him.

Articles of agreement were signed at the "Police Gazette" office on Feb. 16 for a glove contest between Alf. Greenfield and Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, to box four rounds, Queensberry rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. The match is to be decided at Chicago on March 2. Nobby Clark arranged the match on behalf of Greenfield and E. F. Mallahan appeared for Burke.

Jack Welch, the pugilist, has entered the saloon business in Philadelphia. It is reported that he nearly killed some of his customers the first day, he having found a t-y-pist in the cellar, and, after flourishing it around at all his friends, it went off the bullet smashing a champagne bottle and doing other damage before it landed in the keyhole of the clock. Jack swears he will never touch a pistol again—he will use a blackjack.

Charley Bixamos, the well-known French wrestler, and J. G. South fought, according to "Police Gazette" rules, in Sportsman Park, New Orleans, on Sunday, Feb. 15. The battle was a one-sided affair after the first round. In the fourth Scott received considerable punishment and was badly bruised and terribly exhausted. He failed to come to time in 15 seconds, and, fearing serious results if he should stand up again, the police interfered and prevented further fighting.

On Feb. 14 John Reilly and Mike Shay fought with gloves for a purse of \$50, according to "Police Gazette" rules, in a room in New York. Al. Powers seconded Reilly and Johnny Mack seconded Shay, and John C. Hart was referee. Shay is well known in Brooklyn. He is twenty years old, 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighed 100 pounds. Reilly is eighteen years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 90 pounds. The contest lasted three rounds, fought in 11 minutes, when Reilly landed his right on Shay's jaw and knocked him out.

Tom Walling writes from San Francisco that Tom Barry, of San Francisco, who was matched with Tom Turk for

\$500 at Portland, Oregon, recently fell from a curtained scaffolding 15 feet, breaking a leg and cutting a severe gash in the back of his head. Of course this accident will postpone the glove contest. If not put on end to it entirely. Tom Barry the pugilist, is living in San Francisco unharmed, and the pugilist who met with the accident was Billy Ryan, who visited Portland "under cover," and, by permission, used Barry's name.

Clark's feather-weight sparring tournament for a champion-ship cup and money prizes of \$75 and \$25 was opened at the Club theatre, Philadelphia, on Feb. 16, by a four-round glove contest between J. Blige and F. Percy. Each man weighed less than 118 pounds. The set-to was one of the liveliest that has taken place at the Club for some time. Percy was inclined to force matters, but always met Ridge's fists. Percy was knocked down once. The referee gave the match to Percy, although Ridge had the best of the bout in every round.

At Clarendon Hall, on Monday evening, Feb. 23, Wm. Springall, the famous English pugilist, whom Arthur Chambers, of the Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, offers to match against any middle weight in America for \$1,000 a side and the championship of middle weights, will make his first appearance in the arena in this country in a four 3-minute round glove contest, to be governed by the Revised Queensberry rules, against Joe Denning, who has gained considerable fame in the magic circle. Many who have heard of Springall's reputation as a boxer in England will no doubt be eager to see him perform. Denning will have the advantage in height and weight. Billy Edwards will be referee if he will accept the position.

Many sporting men are of the opinion that Johnny Files, of Chicago, a clever middle weight, is able to defeat Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion. Opinions are all very well, but they do not amount to much in a pugilistic matter unless they are backed up with money. If the admirers of Files have the faintest idea that he is a match for Dempsey, they should furnish a purse for Files and Dempsey to contend for, or procure a sheet of paper, pen a challenge and send it with a \$500 check to the Police Gazette office. The opinions of Files' admirers would then result in a match and not in smoke. Dempsey is ready and willing to meet all comers at 133 pounds, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and he has a sporting man for a backer who never hesitates to back him at every opportunity. Dempsey is the acknowledged champion light weight, and is ready to defend the title against all comers.

In a recent interview with James Keenan, the famous sporting man of Boston, Keenan said: "I will back Wallace Ross to row John Teemer for \$1,000 a side, and I have a friend that will go in with me on that race another \$1,000." "Mind you," he continued, "I mean that this race shall be for stakes; no gate, no hippodrome, and that Ross will be got into condition to row it for all he is worth, because, although I am satisfied that Ross is the better oarsman, Teemer is a man he cannot afford to trifle with." "In case you are not able to get on a race with Teemer, couldn't you get a race of that character for Wallace with the St. Louis man, Gaudin?" "Well, Gaudin rather than Teemer, \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, at any distance from 3 to 5 miles; but if the St. Louis man don't come to the front, Teemer's friends, if they think well enough of him, can get accommodated, as I said before."

The first annual ball of the "Police Gazette" Association was held at Everett Hall, Fourth street, New York, on Feb. 12, and came off with great success. The association is composed of members of the "Police Gazette" Light Guards, whose annual parades on Thanksgiving Day have made them famous. The members are Wm. C. Ward, president; Dennis O'Donnell, vice-president; John T. Cahill, treasurer; James H. Murphy, financial secretary; Robert C. Bergen, recording secretary; Robert G. Hardy, sergeant-at-arms. Prof. Stone's famous "Police Gazette" band furnished the music. The grand entrance was dedicated to Richard K. Fox, a quadrille to John D. Wilking Association, a polka to the Robert E. Harrison Association and a galop to Wm. E. Harding. One hundred and fifty couples were in the march at intermission, and the program ended at daylight. A number of noted sporting men attended, and the first annual ball of the "Police Gazette" Association was a grand success.

What is the matter with the many middle and heavy-weight pugilists? About two weeks ago Arthur Chambers posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge to match George Freyer, of Nottingham, Eng., against any man in America for \$1,000 a side. At the same time Chambers planked another \$100 and offered to match Wm. Springall against any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the middle-weight championship. Neither of the challenges has been accepted, which appears very strange. In the face of these business-like deals, the following pugilists appear ready to meet all comers: Charley Mitchell, champion of England; Alf. Greenfield, who also claims to be champion of England; Capt. James C. Daly, Joe Fendergast; Jack Burke, the Irish Lad; Jake Kilrain, and Dominick McCaffrey. It is probable that these men do not want to meet Arthur Chambers' right and left boppers, and their refusal to accept the challenges of the English pugilists leads one to suppose that they either lack the sinews of war or are afraid.

There was a rattling glove match at Boston on Feb. 13, in the rooms of the Boston Boxing Club. Jake Kilrain was selected to superintend the meeting, and introduced young Green, of the West End, and Tug Collins. The latter, being the heavier man, had rather the best of the three rounds. George Smith, of Boston, and Jimmy Doherty, of Cambridge, heavy weights, fought each other for three rounds, and gave a very clever and gentlemanly set-to, neither man being injured in the least, notwithstanding a report in a contemporary to the effect that Smith's jaw was broken. Jimmy Hurst and Johnny Murphy were next introduced, and the clever manner in which the former handled himself was enjoyed by every present. The final affair was a six-round contest for points, between Johnnie Murphy, a bright little Charlestown lad, and Jack Williams, of London. The first three rounds were of the cautious description on the part of both men, the Charlestown boy doing almost all the leading out, in no wise harming his opponent. The fourth round was a trifle warmer than the previous one, the Britisher leading off with spirit. Murphy met him, however, and at every point outfighth him. The fifth was a neat exposition from his outset. At its opening the Charlestown lad let with his left, catching Williams on the face and nearly knocking him off his feet. Williams was a neapless youngster from this stage to the close of the battle, and Murphy got all over him, receiving few, if any, blows in return. At the close of the affair neither man was harmed, but on points Jake Kilrain decided that Murphy was the better boxer, in which decision the entire audience concurred. The spectators dispersed well pleased with the entertainment provided, and not a small number of them expressed the hope that more shows, conducted in the same harmless and gentlemanly way, be soon arranged.

The "Globe Democrat" last week published the following about Mike Cleary: "Mike Cleary has arrived from Louisville, where he recently knocked out Capt. Dalton, of Chicago, and was accompanied by Ed. Morrill. He goes to Kansas City to see some friends, and from there will journey to New Orleans, where he expects to arrange meetings with some of the boxers that have announced their intention to visit the Crescent City. He is open for a match with gloves or bare knuckles with any boxer in America, standing Sullivan. His appearance does not indicate his profession. Bearing 5 feet 8 1/2 inches and stripping at 160 pounds, he has a large, square face, with regular features, a ruddy complexion and a gentlemanly and intelligent countenance. His manner is quiet and unassuming, and he has but little to say about himself. Besides being a boxer, he is a very clever sculler, and rowing is to him quite a congenial topic. He was introduced to Mr. J. A. St. John at the Southern Hotel and expressed great pleasure at having made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was noted for his interest in aquatic sports." A Globe-Democrat reporter had the following interview with him:

"Do you expect any particular match at New Orleans?" "I am going there for pleasure, and have nothing in my mind. If Burke, Mitchell, Greenfield or McCaffrey go there, as it is reported they will, they will find me on the ground and I ready to meet either of them. I will make a match with any man in America except Sullivan. Sullivan is too heavy for me, and I think it would be foolish not to admit it."

"What do you think about Mitchell and McCaffrey?" "There is no comparison. Everybody knows that I wouldn't care if Mitchell was struck by lightning, but I must say that he had all the best of his bout with McCaffrey. The decision against Mitchell was a very bad one. McCaffrey is a paper man. His blows are all taps. He never licked but one man, and he can't hit hard enough to lick anybody else. Arthur Chambers is anxious to back Springall against him, and I think he would back anybody else against him, because he knows it would be sure money."

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SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Milton Young's colt, Enright, by Enquirer, is said to be a very dark Youngster, the best that Young ever had.

The Acme Club has reorganized for the season of 1885, and will locate at Queens County Park, Newtown, L. I.

It has been decided to hold the annual tennis tournament on the 23d of February at the tennis building in this city.

Col. John S. Cunningham, the festive paymaster of the United States Navy, is doing the Exposition at New Orleans.

L. R. Travis, owner of the famous trotting-stallion John Kiable Jackson, died at South Rome, Ga., Saturday evening, Feb. 7.

The billiard match between J. Roberts, Jr., champion of England, and Wm. Cook, for \$2,000, will be played at the Palais Royal, London, Eng., on March 30.

Col. Chas. L. Hunt, the noted turfman, died at Normandy, St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 9. He was a man of wealth, education and refinement, and an honor to the turf.

At Ottawa, Canada, on Feb. 14, the final curling match between the Montreal and Ottawa clubs for the Governor General's medal took place, Ottawa winning by 4 points.

A race has been arranged in the City of Mexico between the Orren Brothers' trotting mare, Eva, and A. Wood's mare, Wildcat, 1 1/4-mile heats, best two in three, for \$5,000.

The great 5,000-point billiard match between W. J. Peall and W. Mitchell ended at London, Eng., on Jan. 3, and was won by Mitchell with an unfinished run of 653. Peall's score was 1,614.

Thomas F. Delaney, the well-known pedestrian, writes that he will run Peter Golden any distance, from 1 to 25 miles, for any amount, or any man in America upon the same terms.

W. Cook and J. Roberts, Jr., are to play a billiard match of 1,200 points up, at the Aquarium, London, the third week in April. Roberts allows Cook 2,000 points, and the stakes are \$1,000.

Gordon, of Cleveland, has bought of T. J. Snyder & Co., of Lexington, Ky., the six-year-old bay gelding, D. C. S. (2:23 1/2), for \$9,000. The horse was hatched to a plow about a year ago and was purchased for \$50.

Tim Keefe, of the Metropolitan Baseball Club, was in New York recently, and as he has not yet been signed it is the general impression that he is to be released by the "Mets" and signed by the New Yorkers.

John Eustace, the well-known sporting man of Pleasant Valley, Pa., has opened the Sardfield House at Pleasant Valley. He has figured in numerous boxing matches, and is well known in the coal regions.

The majority of the professional baseball-players wintering in Boston have joined the South Boston Athletic Club and gone into training in order to get in good shape for the opening of the baseball season in the spring.

Harry Jennings, the veteran sporting man, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 16. He is now engaged in the extermination of rodents and doing a great business. His headquarters are 255 and 257 Centre street, New York.

Otto Wilkins broke 100 glass balls in 2m and 27s, at Meadowville, Pa., Feb. 9, thus beating Dr. Carver's best time, which had been the best on record, 1m 18s. W. H. Keefe, time-keeper; Harry Kirkpatrick and Henry Jones, scorers.

The arrangement for the international 6-day go-as-you-please contest on skates and concurrent races, to take place at Madison Square Garden on March 2, are now nearly completed. Wm. Wood, of the New York Athletic Club, has hired the building.

Col. William H. Johnson, the noted turfman, died near Saundersville, Sumner county, Tenn., on Feb. 5, 1885, and was buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery, Nashville. He was more than twenty years president of the Nashville Blood Horse Association.

It is now a fixed fact that the Argonaut four, of Toronto, will go to England to compete in the Royal Henley regatta. The Argonauts crossed the border last August and won the four-oared amateur championship. The crew are: McKay, Thompson, Hogg and Murphy.

Samuel Powers, the famous turfman, died on Feb. 7, at Decatur, Ill. He imported Billet and Brad Volturino, Aztec and Aretine. His death will not invalidate the entries of his racing stable, because the entries were made in the name of S. Powers & Son.

The annual meeting of the New York State League of professional baseball clubs will be held in Albany on March 9 and 10. The Board of Directors will meet on the first day and prepare their report to the Convention. The schedule for championship games will be adopted at this meeting.

The St. Louis and Detroit baseball clubs are now busily engaged looking up good material for their teams. They will both be light weights during the coming season in the battle for the championship of the League, unless some of the black-listed players are reinstated for their benefit.

Hanlan's next race will be with Wm. Beach, on March 23. Hanlan's victory over Clifford will increase the interest in the forthcoming race between Hanlan and Beach. If the Canadian comes to the starting-point fit, he is almost certain to outrow his former conqueror just as easily as he did Clifford.

J. W. Allison, the proprietor of the "American Bar," 56 Lime street, Liverpool, and Arthur Magnus, the well-known sporting man, who has been on a visit to this country, sailed on the Germania or England recently. Both Allison and Magnus were well received by the sporting men they came in contact with.

Harry Lyons, the "Police Gazette" champion boy-skiater, won the 3-mile race, on Feb. 13, at Keweenaw and Ballwin's Park Hotel, Brooklyn, and received the watch presented by the manager. Lyons skated against twenty-one competitors, among them some of the best amateur skaters of New York and Brooklyn. Time, 3m 16s.

John P. Maxwell, of the N. S. A. C., of Brooklyn, has been challenged by W. M. Wagner to compete in the following games: Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race, scratch; 440-yard run, allowing Maxwell 15 yards; pole-vaulting, scratch; running broad jump; hop, step and jump, 2 ft.; putting the 1-pound stop, allowing Maxwell 2 ft.

The Manhattan Club, of this city, will place the following team in the field this spring: F. Morris, pitcher; P. J. Pama, catcher; A. Stewart, first base; A. Hollman, second base; E. Harris, third base; J. Mack, short-stop; L. Watkins, left field; S. Kory, center field; L. Ehlerding, right field, and C. March, A. Magee and C. Schell, substitutes.

On Feb. 16, George D. Noremac, who is attempting to walk 5,100 miles in 100 days, at Middlethian Hall, Eighth avenue, New York, had been on the track 91 days, having covered 4,611 miles. It is the opinion of every one who sees Noremac perform that they never saw a man in finer condition, and there is no doubt that he will accomplish the greatest feat on record.

Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the greatest boxers in their line, had a benefit at Harry Hill's on Feb. 12. The well-known resort was packed with sporting men and there was a first-class show. The following pugilists boxed: Sweeney and Young Kelly, Jim McCormick and George Young, Frank Cryser and Johnny Williams, Johnny Kelly and Mike Gillespie. Kelly and Murphy ended the show with one of the best boxing bouts ever seen.

The deciding game in a football tournament of the American Association was played in Newark, N. J., Feb. 14, between the O. N. T. Club, of that city, and the New York Club. The ground was covered with snow, and the game took place in a storm, and yet there was a large crowd of spectators. Newark won the prize cup by scoring 2 goals to 1 for their opponents.

The following explains itself:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: DEAR SIR—I, Owen Daly, do hereby challenge Thomas Meckler to make more horseshoes in from 5 to 10 hours' time than he can for the sum of \$100 to \$500. Man and money to be had at Owen Gibney's, corner of Flushing avenue and Skillman street, Brooklyn.

A yacht is being built in New Haven of a very novel model. She will be 25 ft. long and of 11 ft. beam. Her ribs, with the exception of the two nearest the bow on each side, are all made on the same curve, that of a parabola. Another peculiarity in the arrangement of these ribs is that they rise from a dead level. Her model is unusually flat, and it is expected that with a ton of ballast on board the boat will draw but 6 in of water forward and 12 in aft.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Willis Brown (2), G. B. Bunnell, Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), Harry Dohson, Wm. Edwards, Jas. W. Fulbrook (2), Miss Edna Gray, H. C. Gordon, Tom Hall Dennis Handley, Henry Hagermeister, H. M. Johnson, J. Elwila Irviz, John Mackay, Patsy Murphy, G. J. Montgomery, Eph Morris, Michael Pilsam, W. Price, Duncan C. Ross, Johnson Robins, Sol Smith Russell, Wm. Smith, Emil Voss, Geo. Werban, S. F. Yeager.

Alf. Greenfield arrived in New York on Feb. 16, and he sent Nobby Clark to notify Charley Mitchell that he was ready to meet him in the arena and contend for the \$1,000 purse. Greenfield was eager to meet Mitchell on the 16th inst., but the latter had received no notification, and refused to meet Greenfield until after he had met Scholes, but he agreed to fight or box Greenfield at a future period. It was the height of impudence for Greenfield to suppose for a moment that Mitchell, with an engagement on hand, would agree to fight him. Probably if Mitchell had agreed to do so, Greenfield might have refused to meet him.

At San Diego, Cal., recently, Miss La Selle, the Water Queen, playing with the Naamit Specialty Company, offered to remain in a tank under water longer than any two men in San Diego. J. Reyes and S. Trask accepted, and the trial came off at San Diego on Jan. 27. Reyes remained under water 1m 12s, while Trask came to the surface in 2m—a total of 1m 42s. Miss La Selle, who has been the first to enter the tank, remained under water 3m 13s, beating the time of the men by 2m 31s. The men were to have received the receipts of the house if they had succeeded in beating Miss La Selle's time.

A sporting man of El Paso, Texas, under date of Feb. 5, writes to Richard K. Fox that the late Owen Geoghegan was at El Paso three weeks before he died, and that he left \$30,000 in the El Paso bank, and that amount was deposited there when he died at Hot Springs, Arkansas. He left a large sum to Arty Smith, the notorious rough-and-tumble fighter, of Texas, who left for New Mexico to open a saloon. Smith formerly belonged in Lowell, Mass., and Geoghegan was a great admirer of his pluck. At the time Geoghegan died at Hot Springs he intended to return to El Paso, consequently with the amount left at Hot Springs he left in the neighborhood of \$60,000.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, was defeated by James Graham in a wrestling match at Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 11. Ross did not return to his hotel until 4 A. M., and no sooner had he arrived than John Morris, the night clerk, threw Ross his hotel bill. Ross always liquidates his hotel bills, and the champion athlete considered it an insult; hot words ensued, and Ross threatened to chastise the clerk for what he considered his assurance. Morris at once whipped out a revolver and was going to shoot, when Frank Johnson prevented Morris from driving a leaden bullet through Ross' head. Ross later said that Morris had backed him to defeat Graham, and that he was sore because he lost, and then insulted him. All is well that ends well.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Arthur Magnus; J. W. Allison, the American Bar, Liverpool, Eng.; Ed. F. Mallahan, James Murray, Joe Denning, Los Curtis, Capt. James C. Daly; Charles A. Lederer, artist, Chicago; John Fox; Hiram Grandin, Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. B. Leascomb, Central Hotel, Ontario, N. Y.; Tom Green, Jim Barry, Johnny Williams; Jack O'Hara, manager, Queens County Park; Edwin Bibby, Frank Cryser, Billy O'Brien, P. J. McCormack, C. McCormack, J. McGee; F. B. Windley, New Haven; James Glynn, Boston, Mass.; Johnny Thompson, "On Hand"; Harry Webb, Jack Dempsey; Ed. B. McGuire, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Jennings, John Curtis, Gus Tut-hill, Ed. Egerton, Edward Masterson; Reading, Pa.; Patri k Feenan, Williamine, Conn.; Arthur Soudant, James Patter, G. W. Nelson, Brooklyn.

Edwin Bibby, the well-known wrestler, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Feb. 13, posted \$150 with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following challenge to James Faulkner, who recently defeated him in a contest, catch-as-catch-can, at Chicago:

NEW YORK, Feb. 13, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: As I was not in good condition, I am not satisfied with the result of my recent wrestling match with James Faulkner, and as he declined to accept my challenge to wrestle him Grapo-Roman, I will make him the following offer. I will wrestle him for \$300 a side, best three out of five falls, two Grapo-Roman and two catch-as-catch-can and toss for the style of the deciding fall. I have deposited \$150 with Richard K. Fox, proprietor POLICE GAZETTE. I will be prepared to wrestle in ten days or two weeks from date of this challenge, the match to be under the "Police Gazette" rules, to take place in New York or Chicago. In the event of Mr. Faulkner selecting Chicago, he must allow me \$50 for expenses, or should he agree to wrestle in New York I will allow him \$50 for expenses. Hoping to receive an early reply, I am, respectfully,

EDWIN BIBBY, 27 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

On Sunday, Feb. 15, at a resort near Long Island City, about 200 sporting men assembled to witness Scalper, of New York, and Jimmy, of Brooklyn, fight a fair scratch-in-turn fight, according to the "Police Gazette" dog-fighting rules, for \$1,000. Both dogs had been carefully trained and were brought into the pit in first-class fighting trim. Both animals had many admirers, and there was a great speculation on the result. First the Brooklyn canine and then the New York dog being made the favorite in the betting. The fight was desperately contested, and during the sanguinary engagements, hundreds of dollars were staked on the probable result. After the fight had lasted 1m and 20m, a dispute arose, both handlers claiming a victory. The referee declared Scalper the winner and the decision was denounced as unfair by the backers and admirers of the Brooklyn dog. In an instant several wrangles followed and then a free fight began. Many were knocked down, and those injured jerked out revolvers and there would have been hot work had it not been for the proprietor of the place, who sent one of his attaches into the pit and ordered him to about "police." In an instant the announcement worked the magic and order was restored. The backers and admirers who had to abide by the referee's decision, paid over the money. They claimed they had lost by an unfair decision.

On the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie, Feb. 14, there was a series of grand ice-boat racing. The first was the challenge race for the championship of America between yachts belonging to the Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg ice-yacht clubs. The first race was 4 miles, the course to be sailed over five times, making 20 miles. The Poughkeepsie yachts were the Avalanche, Idle, Northern Light, Haze, Jack Frost, Graie, and Jesso B. The New Hamburg yachts were the Quikstep, Whiff, Whistler, Phantom, Zero, Zephyr and Mischief. The signal to start was given at 4 P. M., when all the yachts pointed to the westward, the Haze taking the lead. She was soon wind by the North Light, the latter turning the upper buoy first. Coming down the river the Avalanche took second place, the Jack Frost being fourth, and from this time there were really only four boats in the race. The Northern Light held the Lead till the last trip up the river, when she ran on a crack, and her helmsman had to get out and push her. In the meantime the Haze turned the upper state boat first for the last time, and finished in five style 3m ahead of the Jack Frost. The Haze's time was 1m 1m and 15s. The Zero and the Jack Frost put in a claim of foul against the Haze, which, they said, crowded them against the upper buoy.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Will Paddy Ryan fight John L. Sullivan, and will the latter agree to meet the ex-champion? are now every-day questions in every city from Maine to Oregon.

I have not heard of any arrangements between these gladiators of pugilism, although Ryan says that he is willing to meet the champion.

On Feb. 18 the "Daily News" published the following about the proposed meeting between the rival champions:

"Pugilist Sullivan's genial and handsome manager, Pat Shedy, was met on Broadway yesterday by the sporting editor of the News. Shedy was in high spirits and bought a \$2,000 diamond for his wife by way of venting his good nature. He had just concluded arrangements with Richard K. Fox, by which that gentleman had agreed to offer \$2,500 for the 'Police Gazette' diamond champion belt, valued at \$2,500, for a fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan.

"Sullivan has consented to meet Ryan," said he, "and Ryan going to bring the match off at New Orleans. It will be fought inside a gigantic tent capable of holding 20,000 to 25,000 people.

"The time will be about Easter Monday, and the price of tickets not less than \$5 nor more than \$10. It will be fought with small gloves under Revised Queensberry rules, and will probably be made for eight or ten rounds so as to make it decisive."

Such a programme would insure the biggest attendance ever seen at a boxing match in modern times, and ought to yield between \$100,000 and \$150,000 of gate money, to be divided between the men and their backers.

If any sporting man in America can bring these champions together his name is Shedy, and when it is settled that Sullivan and Ryan are ready to meet, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt will be put up by Richard K. Fox.

The sporting public are eager to see Sullivan and Ryan meet again, and there is no obstacle in the way if both are in earnest.

I don't believe there is a fortune in baseball schemes nowadays.

There was a time when if a player put his money in a club he was quite sure of coming out ahead, but that time, I think, is past.

A few years ago, when the National League Association had control of the best baseball experts in the country and had no opposition, salaries were low, and a player who received \$1,500 for the season's work did well.

In 1861, when the American Association was organized in direct opposition to the League, the players' salaries began to go up as each side tried to outbid the other.

Nowadays, a first-class pitcher will not look at a manager for less than \$1,500.

Radbourne, of the Providence nine of 1884, received \$5,000.

He did the work of two pitchers, and he won the championship by his terrific skillful pitching.

It is my opinion as a high-priced baseball club, the New York leads, and the Metropolitan is nearly as expensive.

In 1884 the income of these organizations was nearly \$10,000, and yet it is a well-known fact the Mets lost money, while the New York club was only a little ahead.

I understand that Cincinnati boasts of a marksmen who is accomplishing wonderful feats with the rifle.

Frank C. Mustin, aged seventeen, is the party I refer to, and at Fort Knap, on Feb. 6, he broke 115 glass balls thrown in the air in 90 and 150.

He shot at 133 and only missed 6, and the round spheres were thrown in the air to an altitude of 12 and 13 ft.

Arthur Chambers, the retired champion and popular sporting man, of Philadelphia, now holds four aces in the athletic line.

They are George Freyer, Wm. Springall, Jimmy Mitchell and Joe Acton.

Chambers will bet \$1,000 on George Freyer, the ex-antagonist champion boxer, of England, against any man in the country, not excepting John L. Sullivan, in a four, six or eight-round contest, or in a small, hard-glove fight, to a finish, under the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry or the new rules of the London prize ring.

He will back Joe Acton, the heavy-weight catch-as-catch-can champion wrestler, to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, best two to three, or three to five falls, against any man in the world for \$1,000, or for any amount. He will also back Wm. Springall, the middle-weight champion pugilist, of England, against any 150-pound man for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship of this country, the contest to be either four, six or eight rounds in a hall, or with small gloves to a finish. And finally he offers to back Jimmy Mitchell against any man in America at 124 pounds, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, in the same manner.

I do not allow Hanlan any credit for defeating Clifford in Australia, and I am sure there are several oarsmen in this country who, if they had been fortunate enough to have had the opportunity, would have done the same.

Hanlan will next meet Beach and, I am sure, defeat him. Hanlan visited Australia as the champion oarsman of the world, and as the champion he will leave it.

I understand the officers of Yale College Navy are discussing the probable income for 1885, and propose extra effort and economy.

I understand the expenses of Yale for her boating organization last year exceeded \$7,000.

The best way to keep a dog healthy is to let him have plenty of exercise and not to overfeed him. Let him at all times have a plentiful supply of clean water and encourage him to swim, as it assists cleanliness. When you wash him do not use a particle of soap or you will prevent his licking himself, and he may become habitually dirty. Properly treated, dogs should be fed only once a day. Meat boiled for dogs, and the liquid in which it is boiled, should be thickened with barley, meal or oatmeal. It forms a capital food. The distemper is liable to attack dogs from four years old. It prevails most in spring and autumn. The disease is known by the dullness of the eyes, husky cough, shivering, loss of appetite and spirits, and fits. When fits occur the dog will likely die unless a veterinary surgeon is called in. While suffering from distemper dogs should be allowed to run on the grass, their diet should be sparse, and a little sulphur be placed in their water. Chemists who dispense cattle medicines can generally advise with sufficient safety upon the diseases of dogs, and it is best for unskillful persons to abstain from physicking them.

Hydrophobia is the most dreadful of all diseases. The first symptoms are attended by thirst, fever and languor.

The dog starts convulsively in his sleep, and when awake, though restless, is languid. When a dog is suspected he should be firmly chained in a place where neither children, dogs nor cats can get near him. Any one going to attend him should wear thick leather gloves and proceed with great caution. When a dog snaps savagely at an imaginary object it is almost a certain indication of madness, and when it exhibits a terror of fluids, it is confirmed hydrophobia. Some dogs exhibit a great dislike of musical sounds, and when this is the case they are too frequently made sport of. But it is a dangerous sport, as dogs have sometimes been made mad by it. In many diseases dogs will be benefited by warm baths. The mangle is a contagious disease which is difficult to get rid of when once contracted. The way is to apply to a veterinary chemist for an ointment, and to keep applying it for some time after the disease has disappeared, or it will break out again.

At weight for age a horse may show himself better than all others, but a handicap shows how much better he is. Jockey's handicap cup, in which he conceded 54 pounds, did more to prove him a great racer than his Asot cup. It is not necessary that a horse should always run in a handicap in order to furnish proof of his ability. Very often his second or third is the greatest performance of his life. Sterling's Cambridgeshire, of 1871, put his name in the month of all England. He did win; he ran a dead heat for second place, conceding 30 pounds and two years to the horse with whom he ran the dead heat and one year to the winner, Sabina, who was a rasper that season. Cremorne did not win the City and Suburban of 1873, but he gave Mornington 18 pounds for the year's difference, and finished right onto him.

I understand Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, who so cleverly knocked out Capt. James C. Dalton at Chicago, on Feb. 3, has been matched to box Alf. Greenfield on March 2 at Chicago.

I have not seen the articles of agreement, but if there is no stipulation as to the number of rounds to be fought, either Greenfield or Burke will be returned the winner.

If the articles specify that the men are to box four rounds, it is my opinion the contest will end in a draw, and the question of supremacy in regard to who is and who is not the best man remains unsettled.

Burke is a plucky, determined pugilist, and possesses all the essential points necessary to a champion, but I have no idea that he is able to defeat such a clever ring tactician as Greenfield in 15 minutes, including the 3 minutes allowed for resting.

No matter whether the battle is decided or not, the meeting between Burke and Greenfield will be a treat in the boxing line and worth a long journey to witness.

It appears very strange that none of the light-weight division appear eager to rally a match with Arthur Chambers' protégé, Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

Time and again Chambers has posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and offered to back Mitchell to fight any man in America at 124 pounds, but no one appears eager to stop all arguments by covering Chambers' money and arranging a match.

It is my opinion when a boxer hangs out his shingle and agrees to teach the unsophisticated the many art of self-defense, agreeing to furnish a series of boxing lessons for a certain sum, that he should do so.

Recently, Marcellus Baker, of Boston, being tired of giving boxing exhibitions through the country, opened a boxing school at Taunton, Mass.

A number of young bloods, eager to learn how to hit, courted and stop at Sullivan, looked to his standard, and in a few days had a baker's dozen to start with.

The majority paid \$10 for a stipulated number of lessons, and, being well satisfied with the initial lesson, through their influence induced others to step up and plank down their \$10.

After giving his pupils two lessons he jumped the town, leaving the amateurs without their money or their lessons.

I have received letters from several of his pupils at Taunton, in which they threaten to make the distinguished professor think he fell into a hornet's nest if he ever visits Taunton.

I understand that there is now a horse in England which is attracting more attention from a public point of view than either Paradox, Helton, Luminary, Child of the Mist or any other Two Thousand and Derby favorite.

The horse I refer to is Blondin, the four-footed tight-rope walker, now creating such a sensation at Covent Garden.

Blondin, who is named after the hero of Niagara Falls, walks on a 9-inch rope elevated 20 feet above the ground.

The rope which Blondin crosses is collective, not single; that is, it consists of a series of ropes bound together so that a fairly flat surface, stated to be 9 inches broad, is obtained as a foothold.

I have been informed the horse was educated by Signor Corralini, and his pupil's performance almost surpasses belief, for it is difficult to see what grasp of a 9-inch rope a horse can get under natural conditions as to the shape of his feet.

I have heard of running races against time, walking matches and all kinds of novel and interesting efforts to accomplish feats in a stipulated period, but until recently I never knew of a man attempting to beat time by drinking whisky.

On Feb. 4 Billy Robertson, a well-known sporting character at Louisville, North Carolina, made a bet of \$25 that he could drink two pints of whisky in 40 minutes. The money was posted and the liquor supplied.

Robertson won the wager and beat time by 9 minutes. Two hours after he was dead, and an exchange says, "Drunk and Dead," instead of the old-time caption, "Dead Drunk."

There is no exaggeration in stating that Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, is a wonderful pugilist, and he is likely to defeat any pugilist who is within ten pounds his weight.

Madam Annie Lewis writes as follows from New Orleans:

I have shaken 'Soapy' McAlpine, who was playing in my combination at Milwaukee. He was doing the double in the box office with the tickets. I caught him in the act and bounced him.

"Sporting men inform me that I am the only person that quit even in doing business with McAlpine."

Just at the time when I supposed McAlpine was in clever and downy wily by his peculiar manipulation, he allowed the bottom to fall out of his bucket.

Just before this issue went to press I was informed that Patrick F. Shedy had arrived in New Orleans and that the proposed match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan for the championship is now a fixed event.

I recently had a visit from Daniel Kane, the noted sporting man of Cincinnati and owner of the famous fighting dog Paddy.

It just reminds me Kane is eager to match his dog Paddy against any 25½ or 26-pound dog in America, for \$300 or \$500 a side.

Kane has deposited \$300 with Richard K. Fox, which proves that he means business, and he says first come first served.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

D. W. M., Boston.—No.
E. A. S., Brooklyn.—No.
H. E., Philadelphia.—Yes.
H. G., Gordon, Wis.—Thanks.

Summerson, New York City.—Yes.
C. D. V., Beaver Canon, Idaho.—Yes.
N. E., Cumberland, Oak County.—Yes.
G. H. H., Cohasset, N. Y.—Is sent about 1,500.

J. G., Cleveland, O.—The dinner with Joe skates.
B. S. W.—Write to Joe Coburn, care of this office.
A. R., Potomac, Pa.—Write to general postmaster.
S. R. H., Chicago, Ill.—Have not seen the MBR.
Pis Pool, Bolivar, N. Y.—O must pay for the game.

D. E., Toronto.—There is no 6-day race arranged so far.
M. T. W., Greenpoint, L. I.—Sixes are high in poker dice.
J. C., New Haven, Conn.—Joe Goss was born Nov. 5, 1838.
F. L., New Ulm, Minn.—Yes; a partner can assist in building.
G. H. F., Louisville, Ky.—We do not know the party you refer to.

Paor, E. L., Bridgeport, Conn.—Ask some sporting man to enter you.

J. H. H., New York City.—Stanley, the explorer, was born in Wales.

P. A. C., Greenville, N. J.—It is sounded in all the engine-houses.

J. G. H., Girardville, Pa.—No; Jim Macs never fought Tom Sayers.

J. M. W., Boston, Mass.—Fred. Archer, the jockey, was born Jan. 11, 1837.

A. J. S., Brooklyn.—Send name and post-office address to this department.

Subscribers, East Saginaw.—No arrangements have been made for a 6-day race.

J. B., Cedar Grove, Pa.—C is entitled to a run of 3 and 2 for 31, making 5 in all.

D. M., Washington, D. C.—Weston was born at Providence, R. I., March 15, 1820.

D. M., Rochester, N. Y.—John Morrissey never fought Joe Coburn, and a leech.

F. D., Ridgeway, Ontario.—Send \$5 and we will mail you a book. Have mailed rules.

William Nelson.—Send your post-office address and we will answer your inquiry.

G. G., Newcastle, Del.—Joe Coburn did go to Ireland to fight Jim Macs. 2. B wins.

C. H. D., Fresno, Cal.—Must send your name and post-office address to this department.

F. J. G., Harrisburg, Pa.—Send \$2.50 and we will send you the standard book on the game.

J. T. D., New York City.—Hon. John Kelly was appointed Comptroller by Mayor Wickham.

P. M. S., Sobodesch's Landing, N. Y.—The manager whose address you require is in Europe.

S. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Dan Donnelly died Feb. 18, 1880. 2. He was the Irish champion pugilist.

J. W. A. E.—1. There is no such thing as perpetual motion—at least, it cannot be produced. 2. Yes.

Spencer, Sturges City, D. T.—We recently published Paddy Ryan's record in the Police Gazette.

D. J., Yokohama.—1. In playing casino you must build only of the table. 2. A makes two points. 3. Yes.

Constant Reader, Hyde Park, Pa.—Charles Mitchell was born Nov. 24, 1861, and Jack Burke Sept. 10, 1861.

Turner, Latonia, Ky.—1. Eolo has been entered for the Asot Alexandria plate. 2. The distance is 3 miles.

D. S., Boston.—P. Clifford and Edward Hanlan did not row for the championship. Wm. Beach holds that title.

W. R., Richmond Springs, N. Y.—1. In Mulberry street, between Blooker and Houston streets. 2. Three hundred.

A. L., Hastings, Minn.—The proposed 6-day race in Madison Square Garden has been abandoned by Peter Duryan.

J. and H., Wilkes, Montana.—He commanded the French army in Mexico when Maximilian was on the throne in Mexico.

J. H., Iowa.—The fastest time for 1 mile foot-and-toe walking is 6m 28s, made by W. Perkins at London, England, June 1, 1871.

E. J. M., Fargo, Dak.—E. E. Fenton, Republican, elected over Horatio Seymour in 1864; defeated by John T. Hoffman in 1868.

J. S. G., Chicago, Ill.—1. One hundred and fifty-eight pounds. 2. Have not the weight. Write to Alf. Greenfield, care of this office.

G. E., Denver, Col.—The highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated from 16,000 to 18,000 ft.

M. H., New Haven, Conn.—1. Tom Cleary is the middle-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope. 2. He has won the title five times.

W. W., Macon, Miss.—The dimensions of the Great Eastern are: Length, 692 ft; breadth, 53 ft; depth of hold, 56 ft; tonnage, 23,000 tons.

Brewman, Auburn, N. Y.—The best publication we know of in that line is "The Caterer," published at No. 1013 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

L. M., Charlotte, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers' parents were English. He was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, Eng. 2. No, he never fought Jim Macs.

G. M., Baltimore, Md.—John C. Heenan never received the stakes in any prize fight, although he was entitled to them in the battle with Sayers.

D. E., Newark, N. J.—1. Yankee Sullivan beat Hammer Lane in England, Feb. 2, 1861. 2. They fought 19 rounds in 24m. Hammer Lane broke his arm.

BARBER, House of Lords, New York City.—Edwin S. Stokes finally shot James Pisk at the Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, New York, on Jan. 6, 1873.

J. D., Philadelphia.—The contest between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan did not last long enough for any one to form an opinion; therefore, the bet is a draw.

S. E., Kansas City.—The only Presidents of the United States that served eight years were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Grant.

C. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—The best time on record for foot-and-toe walking 24h is 127 miles 1,210 yards, made by William Howe, at Hillington, Eng., Feb. 23, 1878.

R. T., Farmington, N. J.—Send on a deposit to Richard K. Fox and we will publish your challenge, which will then prove it is official and you mean business.

echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle-call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments.

S. E. D., Baltimore, Ohio.—The largest diamond-cutting house is the Amsterdam, where they employ 400 men. The famous Kohinoor diamond was cut there. The cutters make from \$7 to \$12 and even \$14 a day.

G. A., Chicago, Ill.—The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,537,553 square miles—more than a sixth part of the land of the globe and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world.

S. B., Baltimore, Md.—The fastest time for 1 mile on a bicycle is 2:30, made by John S. Prince at Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 17, 1884, and by S. Sellers, the English amateur, at Hartford, Conn., Sept. 9, 1884. The fastest time for 1 mile by a locomotive is 50½ s.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Joe Coburn and Prof. William Clark boxed with blackened gloves at old Mount Hall, Broadway, New York, on Jan. 29, 1883. Clark won by 11 points to 10. 2. Seven rounds were fought and several clean hits were claimed, but not allowed.

D. M., Boston.—The great fire in London commenced on Sept. 3, 1866, burned three days and three nights, destroyed eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul, the City Gates, the Royal Exchange, Custom House, Guildhall and 15,200 houses, laying waste 400 streets.

L. M., Paris, Ky.—1. The largest island on the Atlantic, situated between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 700 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 100,000 square miles. 2. Great Salt Lake in Utah, which may be properly termed an inland sea, is about 90 miles long.

E. E. T., Lansingburg, N. Y.—1. Tom Ryan was born Jan. 1, 1815. 2. He beat George McChesney, better known as "Country McCusky," Sept. 9, 1841. 3. Yankee Sullivan and Hammer Lane fought Feb. 2, 1861, in England. Sullivan won in 19 rounds, lasting 24m. Lane broke his arm during the battle.

S. B., Lehigh, Pa., and J. E. F., Nanticoke, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan never fought in Louisiana, and the limitation of the Police Gazette decided your money away unfairly. 2. Ryan and Sullivan fought at Mississippi City, Miss., about 54 miles from New Orleans, La. Sullivan weighed 195 lbs.

C. E. R., Pittsburg, Pa.—Rydyk's Hambleton sons having stired the trotters that have the best record at one, two, three, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten and eleven years, while his grandson, Alexander's Abdullah, stired the famous old mare Goldsmith Maid, that is at the head of the list from fourteen years to twenty.

D. H., Long Branch, N. J.—1. Hanlan did row two races on Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass. 2. In the first race he was defeated by Fred. A. Plaford, "Frothy" Johnson, the colored oarsman, and others. During the race he broke an oar. 3. On the same water, one week later, he defeated Johnson, Driscoll and others. 4. At the Barrie regatta James H. Eiley, of Saratoga, N. Y., and Hanlan rowed a dead heat.

E. F., Rochester, N. Y.—In the United States there are 32 Washingtons, 19 Bridgeports, 19 Londons, 18 Buffalos, 18 Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, 17 Clevelands, 17 Rochesters, 15 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons, 13 Pittsburgs, 11 St. Pauls, 5 Birminghams, 5 Philadelphias, 7 Detroits, 6 Chicagos, 5 Milwaukee, 5 St. Louis, 4 Baltimores, 4 Franklins and 3 New Yorks. Ask something easier next time.

D. D., Cleveland, O.—1. The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, Egypt. Karnak is on the east bank of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies a part of the site of ancient Thebes. The obelisk is ascribed to Ramses, sister of Pharaoh Thothmes III., who reigned about 1800 B. C. Its length is 123 ft, its weight 400 tons, its height, without pedestal, 108 ft 10 in. 2. The height of the obelisk in Central Park, without pedestal, is 88 ft 11 in; its weight about 165 tons.

F. O., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The Chinese wall is the largest in the world. It was built by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty about 220 B. C. as a protection against Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of 6 ft, the total height of the wall is 30 ft, thickness at the base 25 ft, and at the top, 15 ft. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of about 100 yards.

Fuerst, Auburn, N. Y.—The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 60 ft, and its height more than 21 ft. In its steepest part it is 28 in thick, and its weight has been computed to be 445,775 lbs. It has never been rung, and was probably cast on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been caused by water having been thrown upon it when heated by the building erected over it being on fire.

E. D. C., Harncliffe, Sonora, Mexico.—Ten persons are credited with discovering America. Christopher Columbus was the first in 1492, and discovered San Salvador. In 1497 John and S. Cabot discovered Labrador. In 1501 Gaspar Cortesal discovered the Canadas. In 1513 Ponce de Leon discovered Florida. In 1504 Juan Verrazano discovered the coast of South Carolina. In 1504 Jacques Cartier discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In 1536 Hernandez Cortes discovered California. In 1541 Ferdinand de Soto discovered the Mississippi. In 1604 Samuel Champlain discovered River St. John, and in 1604 Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson river, New York.

P. C., Hartford, Conn.—The largest gun in United States, mounted, is the 20-inch Rodman smooth-bore at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. H. Its dimensions are as follows: Extreme length, 748.5 in; maximum diameter, 61 in; minimum diameter, 54 in; length of bare in calibers, 16.50 in. The service charge is 200 lbs of powder, and the weight of the projectile is 1,000 lbs. There is also a 17½-inch rifle (wrought-iron barrel) at Sandy Hook. Weight, 89,360 lbs; extreme length, 262.8 in; maximum diameter, 55 in; minimum diameter, 47.5 in; length of bare in calibers, 18.53. This gun is used for experimental purposes, particularly in testing powder. Charges from 70 to 200 lbs are used. Weight of projectile, from 700 to 800 lbs.

H. M., Algonzo, Mich.—Sallie Benton is owned by Gov. Stanford, of San Francisco. At the latter place she trotted a mile last fall in 2:17½, unprecedented time for a four-year-old. The fractional time was: First quarter, 35½; second, 33½; third, 33½; fourth, 34½. The trial was to rule and for a prize, and becomes a record. Sallie Benton was foaled March 27, 1880, and was therefore eight months and sixteen days past four when she accomplished the feat. As a three-year-old Sallie Benton won two colic races, and "walked over" for a third. She retired in 1883 with a three-year-old record of 2:30, made in a 5-hat race at Sacramento on Sept. 13, winning the contest in 2:11½, 2:30 and 2:30½, Lucilla taking the first heat in 2:35½ and making a dead heat of the third in 2:39½, with Center. She is by Gen. Benton, out of Sontag Mohawk, by Mohawk Chief; second dam Sontag Nellie, by Toronto Sontag. Gen. Benton was a very fast horse, showed trials in better than 2:20, and was purchased by Gov. Stanford for a very long price. He is now sixteen years old, and has to his credit Bonnie, four-year-old record of 2:25; Helen, three-year-old record of 2:30½; George H., 2:39½; and Gypsy Queen, 2:33½, the latter two being stired before he went to California. He is by Jim Scott dam Lady Benton, by Gray's Hambletonian (son of Bishop's Hambletonian, out of a mare by Bishop's Hambletonian); second dam by Partridge's Bluebar, by Blucher, son of Duror, third dam by Bush Messenger.

J. D., Indianapolis.—Jimmy Highland, the pugilist, has appeared in the ring six times and only met defeat twice, and this was at the hands of Alf. Greenfield, who holds from Birmingham. Highland who is twenty-six years of age and stands 5 ft 6½ in, entered the ring about seven years ago, his opponent being Bob Habbjam, alias "Cockey Bob." The battle was for £10 (£50), and took place near Sutton, Highland defeating Habbjam in 1h 30m. He next scored a victory over Cooper Bradley, but this was with the gloves, in Birmingham, Eng., the stakes being £10 (£50). This contest is said to have lasted 15m. Shortly after this he defeated Boxer Bradley, the fight taking place at Beggar's Bush, Eng., and lasting 50m. Charley Norton was next pitted against Highland, and the fight came off at Northfield, Eng. The stakes were £25 (£125) a-side and the light-weight championship. This fell to Highland, after fighting for 1h 30m. Highland then rested on his laurels for some time, but ultimately found a customer in Alf. Greenfield. The contest took place at Pocklington, Eng., and after a hard battle, which lasted 1h 17m, Highland was for the first time compelled to cry, "Hold, enough." Greenfield weighed on this occasion 153 lbs, while Highland weighed 127 lbs. These men also fought a glove contest, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a cup valued at £100 (£500), at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and Greenfield won by a foul. Highland's last battle was with Jimmy Carney, which ended in the death of Highland.



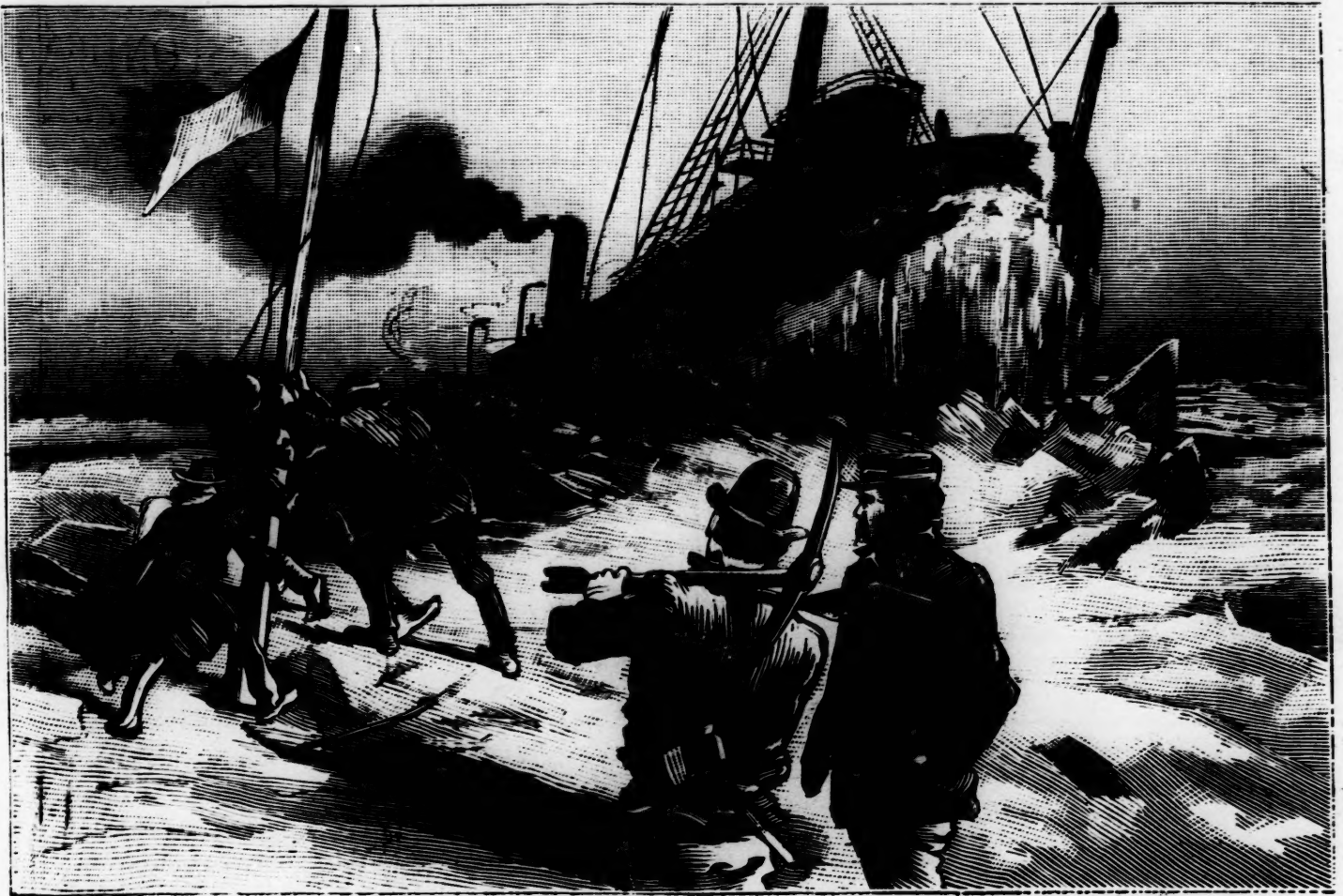
CAPT. W. G. LEE,

THE HEROIC LIFE-SAYER WHO COMMANDS A STEAMBOAT ON ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.



WILLIS COLE,

THE COLORED GENTLEMAN WHO KILLED JOSEPH GRIMES AT MEMPHIS, TENN., ON SEPT. 23D.



CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

THE DISMAL FLIGHT OF THE PROPELLER ONEIDA, FROZEN FAST IN LAKE MICHIGAN.

The Inauguration Ball.

The ball tickets will cost five dollars apiece. The ticket is 7 inches wide and 10 inches long, containing medallion portraits of Cleveland and Hendricks, engraved from photographs selected by themselves and accompanied by their autographs. At the back of each medallion is the American flag, and below are bunches of palm-leaves tied with a knot in the center. On the top right-hand corner is a view of the Washington monument and the White House, while on the left is the Capitol. The inscription reads: "Inauguration Ball, March 4, 1885, commemorative of the In-

auguration of Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks, President and Vice-President of the United States."

Willis Cole.

Willis Cole, a colored person, who killed one Joseph Grimes in Memphis, Tennessee, and who was arrested by Officer Horan Jan. 25, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, is portrayed on another page.

Capt. W. G. Lee.

On this page we print a portrait of Capt

W. G. Lee, a gallant young fellow who commands the steamer Fannie Dugan, on the St. John's River, and who has received several valuable gifts as mementoes of heroic feats of life-saving performed by him.

Ice-Bound in Lake Michigan.

The striking picture we publish of the propeller Oneida, ice-bound in Lake Michigan, will give our readers an admirable idea of the Arctic terrors of a winter in the Northwest. One need not go into polar regions to face the deadly ice foe or be cut off from all communication with human society.



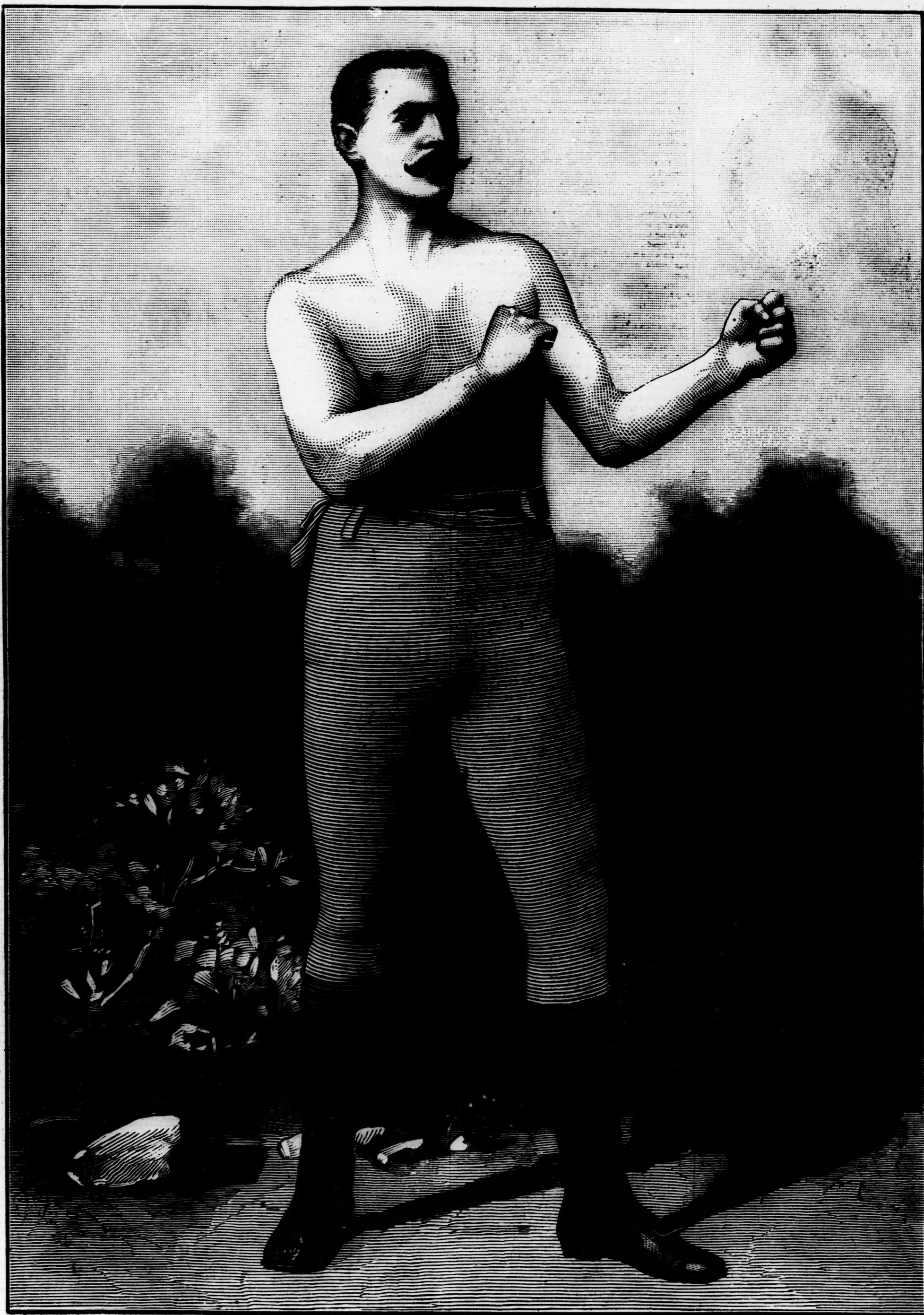
THEY ALL GRABBED FOR IT.

BEBE VINING DROPS HER POCKET-BOOK ON A FERRY-BOAT AND A MOB OF DUDES GO TO HER RESCUE.



A PROP-ER KIND OF PEELER.

HOW A BIG BROOKLYN POLICEMAN TURNED HIS HEIGHT TO GOOD ACCOUNT AT A RECENT FIRE.



CAPT. JAMES C. DALY,

THE CHAMPION ALL-ROUND ATHLETE AND MORE THAN PROMISING PHENOMENON OF THE BOXING WORLD.

[Photo by John Wood.]

BEFORE THE BAR.

Corking up Saloons on Sundays--Drug-Store Cocktails--High License Fiends--Prohibition Failures.



EMIL H. KOSMAK.

This well-known and prosperous restaurateur, whose big establishment adjoins the Brooklyn bridge entrance on Chatham street, was born in Itzhac, Holstein, on the 25th of January, 1842. He began life as a grocer's boy at Altona, near Hamburg. When eighteen years of age he went to sea and landed in New York. Here, after working in various minor capacities, he bought out John Schnibbe, a well-known beer-seller, corner of Nassau and John streets. There, in ten years, he acquired a fortune. Personally, Mr. Kosmak is one of the best fellows in the world, a high Mason and a bon vivant in every sense of the word.

The Central Association, of this city, is doing good work at last. Keep it up.

The severe cold weather makes it rather hot in the matter of drinks before the bar.

The Excise and Police Commissioners are not the best of friends. Porter is said to be the cause of the wrangle.

In Nebraska, Missouri and Illinois the high-license game don't work, and now the cranks want to try it East.

The good folks will not be able to obtain their cocktails at the drug stores without a doctor's prescription.

A prominent physician says "contaminated water has slain thousands." We always thought it was dangerous.

Neal Dow is after the moderate drinkers; he says they are enemies to prohibition. Why, certainly, Neal, all moderate men are.

John C. Reno intends running a summer hotel. This will give his barkeeper a chance to follow in his master's footsteps.

The brewers of Kansas made more beer last year by about 4,000 barrels than any previous year, and yet they call it a prohibition State.

The dudes of Newport have formed themselves into what they call the Wide-Awake League and are going for the small dealers, you know.

When a man drops dead in a bar-room people hold up their hands in holy horror, but when a minister kicks the bucket in the pulpit it's another matter.

There are about 60,000 residents in this city who live in hotels, and some 100,000 strangers in town every night, fifty per cent. of whom smile before the metropolitan bar.

The church cranks are opposing the Reilly bill at Albany permitting the sale of beer in a quiet way on Sundays at certain hours. They have engaged expensive counsel to watch the Legislature.

After a trial of more than thirty years the prohibition law in the State of Maine has proved a failure. The number of saloons have increased and the people pay but little attention to the enforcement of the act.

We have never seen so much heavy drinking as on the few last Sundays since the police have corked up the saloons so tight. Crowds gather in the bar-rooms where they are known, and there spend the day in pouring the fluids down their throats just out of mere curiosity.

Saturday evenings, when a barber shop in Troy is crowded with young mechanics getting brushed up for the seventh day, a temperance clergyman pops in and gets signatures to a total abstinence pledge, and goes away thinking the young fellows are in earnest and he has saved them, while they rather enjoy the joke.

The Excise Commissioners are quite right in demanding of druggists who sell liquor over their counters to the sour-faced deacons who are afraid to face the bar that they shall take out a liquor license for the same. We do not think because a man calls himself an apothecary he should not be compelled to pay for the privilege just the same as the dealer in spirits.

A few days ago the State Central Liquor Dealers' Association and other organizations in the same interest met in secret session in this city and agreed upon a bill to be presented to the Legislature which includes two important changes, one being that in cases wherein the license of dealers have been revoked by the Excise Commissioners, the dealer shall have the right to appeal to the courts and demand a jury trial; the other, that it shall be lawful for a dealer to sell liquor to a child under fourteen years of age when such a child is known to be acting as a messenger only. This last provision is intended to apply

particularly to the accommodation of a large class who are unable to keep servants and are in the habit of taking their beverage at home.

MAHONEY'S RAGE.

The Son of the Little Senator Cleans Out a Washington Hotel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of Feb. 14, Officer Ellis, while in the vicinity of Welcker's Hotel, Washington, D. C., heard three shots following each other in quick succession. Entering the hotel he found that Butler Mahoney, son of Senator Mahoney, of Virginia, while intoxicated had fired at several of the inmates of the house. It seems that young Mahoney had become violent, and John Welcker, together with the watchman and the head waiter, attempted to pacify him, when he drew a revolver and fired at each one. The shots attracted others to the spot, and young Mahoney was seized and carried to his room. Here he became so violent that it took four men to hold him. The officer arrived at this time, and, finding how matters stood, telephoned to the station for assistance.

On returning to the room he found it vacant, nor did any subsequent search develop any sign of the missing man, who had evidently been taken away by his friends.

The head waiter declares that one of the balls from the pistol struck him on the finger, and showed a slight bruise on his finger-nail in support of this statement.

About 2 o'clock next morning young Mahoney was found in Godfrey's saloon and arrested by Officer Wheeler. He left \$50 collateral for appearance in the police court next day, and was therefore released. Mr. Butler Mahoney is employed in the office of the Secretary of the Senate.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of Butler Mahoney, charging him with assault with intent to kill. It was based upon affidavits of the waiters at Welcker's hotel, who fled before Mahoney's bullets on the evening of Feb. 14. It is understood that his landlady has requested Senator Mahoney to vacate the rooms occupied by himself and son, as guests of the hotel have made complaint about the young man's actions.

A DEADLY AVALANCHE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The startling news was brought to Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 14, that the town of Alta was nearly wiped out by an avalanche. It had been snowing for a week and was then twelve feet deep on a level, with the storm still raging.

On the fatal night snow after 8 o'clock a tremendous volume of snow swept down over the Emma mine works, doing no damage there except taking the smoke-stack along. Then it struck the town, crushing about three-fourths of it, but, fortunately, many of the houses were deserted for the winter.

The place is built at the foot of converging gulches and the slides had a fair mark. Tucker's boarding-house was swept away and his hotel crushed. The Vallejo works, including buildings and tramways, were crushed. Two men at this mine happened to be on the drift and escaped injury.

A large portion of the victims were in the boarding-house and hotel. Twenty-eight in all were buried, but twelve were dug out alive next morning. The rest are undoubtedly dead. The men from the City Rocks and Evergreen mines formed a digging force to get out the bodies. Three had been taken out at last accounts, amid much difficulty. The rescuers battled with a heavy storm and low temperature.

Timothy Madden was not dead when brought out, but died soon after. The bodies of James Watson and Mrs. John Ford were taken out quite dead.

The following is a correct list of those not yet recovered: Andrew S. White, Barney Gilson, Fred Colman, Hattie Hickey, Charley Volk and Big Jim (both Chinese), Jerry Hegan, David R. Evans, a child of Mrs. Ford's, four children of Ed. Ballou.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

"The ladies wear 'em," said an up-town snigger, handing a GAZETTE reporter a couple of little fancy straps, buckled together like dog-collars. "They're all the rage. Very neat--eh?"

"What are they?" asked the scribe.

"Why, don't you see," and he spread his fingers out in the ring and held it off admiringly. "They are ladies' garters. Very handsome and tony. Leather garters are very fashionable with ladies now. Haven't you observed--but oh, of course not, excuse me. The leather does not blind like rubber--and then, too, these little straps are so much neater. They buckle closely just above the calf and stay always the same. The regular size is eighteen inches--they never go beyond that, and generally they have to be buckled up very much smaller. It is very seldom a lady requires the full length. You see they are lined with soft red flannel. They are buckled close until they sink a little into the soft flesh. They don't make ridges like the elastic will upon delicate skin, and they are perfectly comfortable. Sometimes they are worn above the knee. Yes, men wear them, too, sometimes. Many men wear long hose and garters. Ladies are getting a great fancy for leather. They are wearing it very much for trimming for hats and dresses. Just the other day I sold a fashionable lady leather for collar, cuffs and broad bands to go around the skirt. They use it just as they would velvet for trimming. One lady brought a piece of leather here all stamped to be cut out like lace-work."

FORTUNES AS PRIZES WON AND PAID.

For account of Thomas M. Thornton, of Shelbyville, Ill., there has been collected \$75,000 for the first capital prize in January Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Daniel Shutt, of Chicago, a visitor at the Exposition, was the winner of one-fifth of the second capital prize of \$25,000 in the same drawing, which also resulted in a equal prize collected for account of winner by W. Rolling, of the State National Bank, of New Orleans. The winning parties have all been paid in full, and should be very happy about their good fortune. --New Orleans Picayune, Jan. 15.]

WILLIAM AUSTIN.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we publish an admirable portrait of William Austin, a well-known Eastern manager of popular entertainments, who has struck terror to the souls of the stockholders of the Academy of Music by allowing it to be suspected that he is going to convert that establishment (which he now controls) into a gigantic dime museum. Mr. Austin, who is a wag of

the first magnitude, has so far made no sign or positive utterance of his purpose, but that a great sensation is impending over the institution hitherto sacred to Italian opera is a fact beyond all question.

THE LAD WHO LUGS THE LETTER-BAG.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our last page this week we publish a graphic combination picture of the scenes and incidents of a letter-carrier's daily round. The fidelity of the drawing will be at once appreciated by the gallant men in gray, who really fight the epistolary battles of this great republic.

THE WEEK'S SPORT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On our center combination page this week we publish a careful and graphic picture of the various athletic sports and out-of-door diversions which have been the features of the past fortnight.

INTERESTING TO ADVERTISERS.

It is hardly possible to convey an idea of the multiplicity of inquiries received daily at this office, nor an adequate conception of the vast territory represented in the simple matter of inquiry for all classes of merchandise which our readers, on this continent and in every foreign country, at some time or other desire information upon. While other journals boast over their circulation successes, the POLICE GAZETTE is contented with the appreciative patronage represented by its cosmopolitan subscription list in the widest and broadest sense of the term. We quote the following as a sample of the requests arriving daily:

CENTRAL JAIL, JERSEYVILLE, EAST INDIA, }
January 8, 1894.

R. K. Fox, Esq.:

DEAR SIR--I have been advised by Mr. E. Jemmett, one of your subscribers in this station, and from whom I received one of your envelopes, to address you on the following subject:

The handcuffs in this jail are all worn out and can be easily opened, and I am desirous of purchasing a new supply, but I do not know where to apply to do so. I have taken this liberty in addressing you to ask if you can furnish me with or obtain for me the address of some good maker to whom I could write for his scale of charges, etc. Of course if there has been any improvement made of late years I should like to obtain a description. Trusting you will kindly excuse me for thus troubling you and that you will be so good as to favor me with a reply, for which I shall feel very thankful,
I remain, JAMES BIRNEY,
Asst. Superintendent.

GLOVERVILLE, Feb. 12, 1895.

Richard K. Fox, New York:
DEAR SIR--Please insert my advertisement in next GAZETTE. Very satisfactory results so far. Shall give you more soon.
Yours very truly,
A. VAN VRAKKE.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa., have just made a large reduction in the retail price of all their popular publications. The Memoirs Peterson will send their new catalogue to any address if written for.

TO ADVERTISERS.

In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Wednesday, in lieu of Thursday. Our patrons will be governed accordingly.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

BARKEEPERS

ATTENTION!

On receipt of Fifteen Cents in stamps E. H. COOK & CO., the well-known distillers of Buffalo, N. Y., will furnish a complete and reliable

BARKEEPERS' GUIDE,

containing receipts for the mixture of all fancy drinks compiled by the leading barkeepers of the country. Make early application. Edition is small.



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1890



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